

BAY AREA REPORTER

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Folsom Street Blues

The Fallout From A Blaze

by Allen White

One man, David Fowler, in his TV reporting of the fire on Folsom Street last Friday morning set the tone for what was to become one of the most inhumane media views of the people of San Francisco. In his local news segment on Channel 4 Fowler was devastating in his preoccupation with what he described as a "Gay Ghetto." While the fire was still burning, Fowler was on the air with such phrases as "slave headquarters," "sado-masochistic rituals" and references to the "Gay bath house."

It was his reporting coupled with a statement by San Francisco Fire Chief Andrew Casper stating "people may be chained to beds" which set the tone for subsequent media coverage. Casper's judgement in making the remark is certainly questionable. What made it so inflammatory was the constant repetition on Channel 4 dur-

ing the Friday morning hours.

Sounding like a PR man for the Fire Department, Fowler made a point of mentioning that the city, at some point, was virtually without fire protection because all the firemen were on Folsom Street. That sensationalistic remark he followed with comments on the cutbacks in the budget of the Fire Department.

Fowler's reporting was apparently viewed by journalists for wire services, newspapers, as well as by reporters for area radio and television stations. Other reporters picked up on Fowler's theme. Fowler was so successful that what he reported was picked up and broadcast across the country. The damage that this subsequent hype and many times false copy created will never be known.

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Crowds gathered to witness the smoking ruins on Folsom Street. The site became a weekend tourist attraction, while others brought food, cash, and clothes. (Photo by Rink)

Fag-Basher Goes to Jail

First Ever Assault Conviction

In an important first, marking a step for the protection of Gays and a legal precedent for the courts, an assailant has been convicted for attacking and harming a Gay man, and sentenced to a prison term.

James Aven was accompanied by two friends when the three attacked a Gay man one evening in the Castro. They crushed their victim's cheekbone, forcing one of his eyes out of its socket. It was replaced in the hospital, and a lengthy series of bone-grafts rebuilt the victim's face. Medical bills have exceeded \$5,000.

Aven was arrested because he lives near the scene of the attack, and was recognized. At the preliminary hearing, Judge Wollenburg declared the attack, "assault with intent to do great bodily damage," classifying the act as a felony. Aven was sent to Superior Court, and pleaded guilty. Both the crime and the plea each carry possible three year jail terms, for a six-year total. Aven was convicted to the full extent, but the imposition of his sentence was suspended and he was placed on probation with four conditions.

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Frank Howell reviews books for summer pp. 28, 29

More shots of the GSL vs. Sheriff's Dept. All-Star Benefit Game pp. 35, 36

Gay Community Opens Hearts and Pockets to Folsom Fire Victims

by Allen White

San Francisco's Gay community responded swiftly and with compassion to aid the victims of last week's fire in the South of Market Street area.

The 5-alarm blaze swept through a residential and light industrial district between 7th and 8th Streets off Folsom Street last Friday morning. Damaged were 25 buildings, 18 of which were total losses, as the fire crossed Brush Place to the south and then leapt across Hallam Street to the east and to adjacent buildings on the west. Sixteen vehicles were destroyed; 116 people were left homeless, of which 27 were children.

Within hours the Folsom Street Hotel became an emergency relief center. Spearheaded by Fred Leahy, operator of the hotel; Phil Payton, owner of The Cave; and Richard Novak, a bartender at The Trench, an organization was put together to meet the needs of the homeless.

The first priority was finding accommodations. Through cooperation with the Red Cross, many were lodged at the Folsom Street Hotel. Through "word of mouth" sufficient housing was found for every person made homeless by the fire.

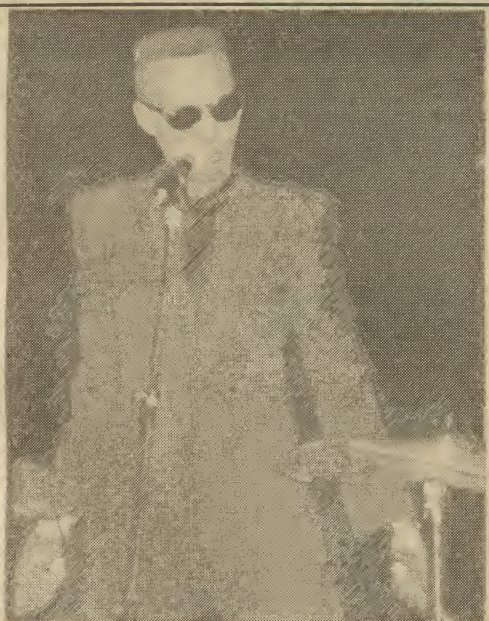
Food was donated at restaurants throughout the area. Among favorite Gay spots picking up the tab for victims were Hamburger Mary's, Canary Island, Glide Church, Brown's and The Ambush.

Sunday night, Jim Moss and Folsom Magazine paid for dinners at Hamburger Mary's.

By Saturday afternoon word had been received that an old firehouse at 365 7th Street would be made available and reopened as the "Folsom Street Displaced Persons Center."

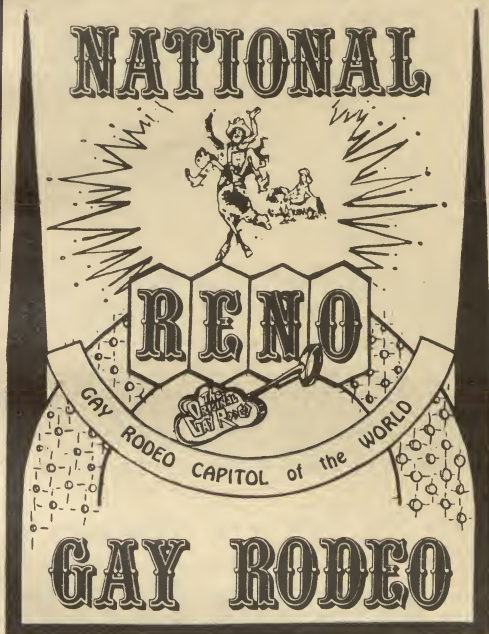
On Saturday financial contributions started to come in. In cooperation with the San Francisco TAVERN Guild the "Folsom Fire Relief Fund" was set up. Before noon one individual had delivered a check for \$500. Donation centers started to appear at bars all over San Francisco. The first priority for money was to provide medical assistance including the replacement of eyeglasses.

(Continued on Page 2)



Grace Jones, disco darling, at Gay Night at Marine World. Story and pictures on page 17. (Photo by Rink)

Comstock Gay Rodeo Association



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JULY 31, - AUGUST 2, 1981

Nevada State Fairgrounds

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Dancin' til 3:00 am.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1,

10:00 am
1:00 pm

COUNTRY FAIR OPENS:

First Go 'Round NATL RENO GAY RODEO

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2,

10:00 am
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COUNTRY FAIR OPENS:

Final Go 'Round NATL RENO GAY RODEO

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The Fallout From A Blaze



The morning after a burned-out dozer torched a building South of Market. He did it for no reason. (Photo by Rink)

One burned out victim had to deal with a conversation with his mother in Boston, Massachusetts. She wanted to know if he was "sinning in slings." Another Gay man in the Haight-Ashbury received a call from his parent in Iowa wanting to know into what type of perversion he was engaging. The office of Supervisor Harry Britt received more calls than it has ever received on one issue, over 100 before noon.

David Fowler with the tone of his commentary made it an exclusively "Gay fire." The facts reveal that it was certainly not a "Gay fire." Figures provided us indicate 116 people were made homeless by the fire. The largest single

group were children. There were 27 children. People of many ethnic backgrounds lived in the area. The majority, it appears, were straight. The fire started in a hotel, called the Globe Hotel. Five years ago it was the Barracks. Several hundred thousand dollars had been invested in renovating this building into a 35-room residential hotel for working people, and the week prior to the fire it had even passed electrical inspections. The Globe Hotel — owned by a consortium of straight and Gay investors — was 75% finished. A September/October opening was scheduled.

★ ★ ★
The fire may have burned buildings, but the primary

story was that it affected the lives of many people. The reporting of David Fowler concerned itself with exploitive aspects of life, i.e. the possible establishment of a morgue for dead people chained to beds. It is fact that as this report is written, no person had died as a result of this tragedy and no person has been found to have been engaging in sadism or masochistic activity in the area of the fire.

This reporter reviewed videotape footage from all three major San Francisco television stations. The station that provided, without question, the most fair and the most comprehensive news presentation was KGO-TV, Channel 7. The station showed compassion in their reporting, in their interviews of Tom Voss, the man who owned the clutch shop, to residents of the area, and to those who volunteered to help. It should also be noted that one reporter from Channel 7 cared enough about the people to write a check to the Relief Fund.

INVASION OF PRIVACY

At the farthest corner from where the fire started on Folsom Street is the residence of Mark Chester. Mark Chester has a "playroom." Mark Chester is now an angry man. In talking with him, he tells of

Dear Mayor Feinstein:

I represent Mark Chester, who was displaced from his home on the second floor of 19 Brush Place by last Friday's fire in the Folsom Street/Hallam Alley area.

Mr. Chester, upset and disoriented by the fire and displacement from his home of two and one-half years, has experienced increasingly mental distress from the physical intrusion into the privacy of his home by firemen, police, public officials, journalists, newspaper photographers and television cameramen.

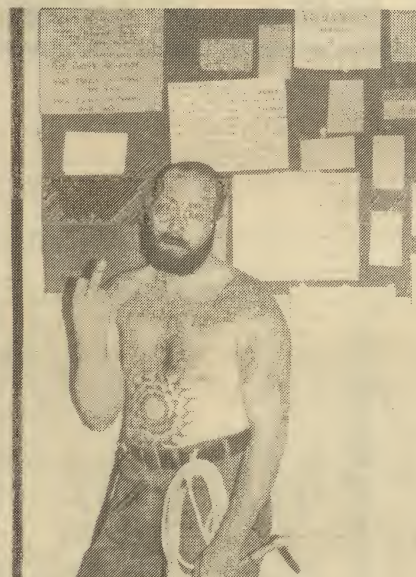
None of Mr. Chester's belongings were damaged by fire, yet his most intimate and valued possessions were exposed, ransacked, stolen, displayed to the public media and held up for public ridicule by officials of the City of San Francisco. These possessions were located in rooms and closed cabinets unaffected by fire.

My client is a responsible, law-abiding citizen. He has a right to privacy in his own home. What has occurred amounts to an unreasonable physical intrusion upon his privacy, a trespass against his property and an intentional infliction of emotional harm upon his person.

On behalf of Mr. Chester, I am demanding an immediate and thorough investigation of this incident to determine the nature and extent of official involvement by the City and County of San Francisco. I am further demanding that the City and County of San Francisco immediately cease and desist from intruding upon Mr. Chester's domestic privacy.

Very truly yours,

Douglas Montgomery



Mark Chester, whose belongings became the subject of TV cameras. Chester — a photographer and artist — retained a lawyer (see letter above) — stands below his ad announcing a show due at 544 Natoma. (Photo by Rink)

how he has been held up to public ridicule, how his personal possessions have been stolen — and he vents his rage at the firemen, the police officers, and the media who have invaded his most private life at a time when he has been burned out. His attorney has written a letter to Mayor Feinstein (reprinted here, see box) which well represents the plight of a man who has been manipulated like a circus freak.

Someone has finally acted on Chester's situation. The living quarters of Mark Chester are, for the moment, sealed.

We talked to Fire Chief Andrew Casper about Mark Chester's residence. He said that there is a state law which allows media to enter a disaster area (which included Chester's apartment) if they do not interfere with the efforts of agencies such as fire and police. He further stated it is the function of the Police Department to keep people out of the area, not the Fire Department. It is Andrew Casper who points out the large geographical area of the fire and the fact there are only two members of the Police

Department assigned. He notes there are back fences where it is possible for looters to gain access to the area. Looting has taken place. As of this report, one person has been arrested. This is not one of the people who have virtually stripped Mark Chester's room and his apartment. He notes someone even went into his refrigerator and drank a bottle of champagne. The empty bottle was left behind.

Andrew Casper also chooses to discuss what he perceives as serious and well-intentioned comments from San Francisco's Gay community. It was a comment he received from a Gay man, he tells us, which resulted in his statement regarding people "chained to beds." The Examiner reported a firefighter as saying he smelled "burning meat." The remark, Casper explains, came from a paramedic.

Fire Chief Casper also made a point of emphasizing the fact that for two hours natural gas from a broken PG&E pipeline fueled the

(Continued on next page)

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fire. PG&E had to resort to digging a five-foot hole in Folsom Street to cut the supply of gas.

In spite of David Fowler and other media attempts to label this a "Gay ghetto," we were not able to find one Gay business which was touched by the fire. We did find one business which came real close, within ten feet. It is a small bar called The Stables. There is a sign on the wall which has been up for some time. It reads, "May The Horse Of Luck Live In The Stables." Jeff Sciera, the manager, described the night. He said the fire was so incredible it was virtually beyond his belief. As they saw the fire approach the bar, friends and employees went and removed the item of value . . . the stereo system. The entire area was without power, but The Stables was open for business Friday night. They lit the bar with candles. It is reported a magnificent candelabra graced the main bar.

Some people weren't as lucky as The Stables, nor are their stories as dramatic as Mark Chester's. Paul Cabral lost everything. When we talked, he could rationalize the loss of his material possessions. He said they could be replaced. The tragedy for Paul Cabral is he lost his cat.

For Pat McPartland, another victim of the fire, you sense he has lost his community. With excitement in his eyes, he tells how proud he is of his community, now burned to the ground. He tells you it wasn't a Gay community, it wasn't a straight community. With pride he firmly and strongly tells you, "It was a Community!" And you know it will never be the same. ■

San Diego Mayor Takes A Powder

No Gay Pride Proclamation From GOP Hopeful

Most city officials are in the habit of issuing proclamations commemorating the progress and achievement of local special interest groups. Mayors Jane Byrne of Chicago and Dianne Feinstein of San Francisco have no trouble issuing citations proclaiming Gay Pride Week for their respective cities. San Diego's Mayor Pete Wilson (often mentioned as a future gubernatorial candidate) was unable to follow suit despite a request from over 1,000 Gay and Lesbian San Diegans. Claiming that such a proclamation would have been "a blessing on their lifestyle" and that government does not have the "right or responsibility to sanction it," Wilson's office balked.

Representatives from the Mayor's office stated that sexual preference is "a private, personal concern and not a subject for a municipal proclamation," claiming that Wilson's office did not issue proclamations which dealt with religion or sexual preference.

The *San Diego Update*, a Gay publication, however, reports that Wilson's office has issued proclamations of One Nation Under God Month, Salvation Army Day, Singles Clubs Days, Jumping Frog Day, God Bless America Week, and lesser concerns such as Order of Alhambra Day (for a Roman Catholic historical group) and B'nai

Brith Women's Membership Day. Additional proclamations were found for Our Lady of Angels Day, many which honored religious figures, Mickey Mouse's 50th Anniversary, KGB Chicken Day, Women's Equality Day, National Family Week and for many organizations which promote heterosexual lifestyles or espouse anti-Gay policies.

Several weeks ago San Diego's major daily ran an in-depth study of the growing size and importance of the Gay business community in San Diego life, stressing the growing number of votes and large amount of money tied up in Gay hands. Apparently Wilson can't read the writing on the wall — especially if he is aiming to run for Governor of the State of California.

Rodeo Entry Riles Regulars

Gay Car Wins Reno Race

by Paul Lorch

Some weeks ago Reno's Fast Car Racing Association approached the organizers of the Reno Gay Rodeo. The stock car racers — due to dropping attendance — needed some hot publicity. In the wake of the piles of publicity that was generated in the flap between the Gay Rodeo people and the Washoe County Commission, the Racing Association felt they could direct some press their way. Little did they anticipate what was in store for them.

They invited the Gay Rodeo organizers to sponsor a car for Reno's Wednesday night races. According to Phil Ragsdale, founder and president of the Reno Gay Rodeo, his group readily agreed. Last Wednesday, July 8 — a bright blue and gold (the colors of the Gay rodeo) Dodge Colt appeared on the track. It was numbered GAY 90 with a nickname painted

across the back, "The Fairy Duster." The sponsorship cost \$300, and it so happened the car's regular driver was injured. In stepped a substitute, Jeff Brantley (who insists he's straight but just likes to race). Brantley and GAY 90 won the race.

The Gay victory was met with mixed reactions but brought in the publicity. The story won a full page in the sports pages of both the *Reno Evening Gazette* and the *Nevada State Journal*. The headline in one paper read, "Gay Car A Moral Issue." The piece revealed the commotion caused by "The Fairy Duster" in stock car racing circles. Track announcer Jack Fortner resigned because of a conflict with his religious beliefs. Fortner is a member of the Assembly of God New Life Community Church.

Ragsdale, who is producing his sixth Reno rodeo, noted that Tender Loving Care Massage Parlor and Mustang Ranch (the brothel) both sponsor cars. "Unfortunately they can't spark a controversy like the GAY 90 can."

This year Ragsdale estimates 15,000 will attend the gala weekend (120 attended the first). He said that 30 to 35 riders — all Gay — have entered the various competitions. Hotel rooms for the weekend of July 31/August 1 are at a premium as are airline reservations. ■

Spiteful Gays Burn Ghetto

SFFD Deputy Chief Ray Landi from the Arson Task Force answering why the high incidence of arson in the Castro/Noe Valley area of the city:

"This has occurred in the Gay community because Gays are more prone to lovers quarrels and are more prone for actually setting an entire building on fire because of revenge."

Landi, in a *SF Progress* interview, said that spite or revenge comprise 50% of all arson fires in San Francisco. He didn't say if Gays stayed around the scene long enough to get caught in greater numbers than straights. Or if they set bigger fires.



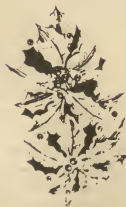
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VOL. XI NO. 15 JULY 16, 1981

NEXT ISSUE OUT: JULY 30

NEXT DEADLINE: JULY 24

VIEWPOINT

LETTERS

Hot Air Out of Hot Stuff

It was a deep disappointment to read and listen to SFFD Chief Andy Casper fall into "Las Vegas hotel syndrome" last week. Worse, it was galling to see Supervisor Quentin Kopp trying to run with the hot air.

Last spring's "Gay Sex Sparks Hotel Blaze" — almost comic coming out of Nevada — light years less amusing when it becomes a *S.F. Examiner* headline. If this is the city that knows how, it should also be the city that knows better. And once again the Folsom fire evidences that certain of our local pols and, worse, too many local media people don't know better or refuse to know better because there's more to gain in knowing next to nothing.

For the chief to vocalize for the world his sex fantasies in last week's Folsom Street arson — that he feared coming across charred bodies chained to basement/dungeon beds or whatever became much more than a slip of the tongue. That his comments — carried nation-wide on network TV and radio — unleashed an orgy of media titillation and voyeurism is culpable. And that on more than one news report the S&M babble out-paced and outspaced the fire portion of the story tells us something of our cockeyed majority.

Bizarre homosexual sex practices gave the story its handle, its angle to make it more than your garden variety 5-alarm fire report. Hence it was convenient to report that the fire began in a former homosexual sex emporium, The Barracks. It's much less juicy with the current facts. The unoccupied building in which the fire was started was the soon-to-be Hotel Globe. Seventy-five percent of the renovations had been completed on the 35-room hotel. A September/October opening was scheduled for the residence hotel "for working people." The investors in the Hotel Globe were principally straight who didn't want the hotel targeted as Gay but planned to make a bundle off the Gay community. What sparks are there though in a fire started in an empty building by a spaced-out loony.

And all the hacks needed was Chief Casper asiding his incendiary inanities and someone whose home reveals whips, slings, and black leather and there's more than enough for a shaky package to salivate over.

Into the bilge dives — erstwhile civil libertarian — Quentin Kopp calling out loud for a police report on the slave dungeons. Of course he could have placed a few calls for the paydirt, but there's a mile more press in sanctimonious bleatings. Says the Monday morning moralist: if "restraints" aren't forbidden in the Fire Code, they should be. Does this mean their use becomes illegal? Kopp, who increasingly assumes the role of the keeper of the public morals, seems to be on the cusp of legislating them. And this from a man of the world who does know better!

P. Lorch

SPEAKING OF BUTCH CLONES

★ I enjoyed John Karr's recent editorial on Nazi sex fantasies, as well as the letter by T. Speck on butch drag.

I think one could go further, though. For example, I see four basic types of butch conformity among Gay men: 1) Clone (blue jeans, plaid or alligator shirts, Archie Bunker hairdo); 2) Cow-clone (Clone plus cowboy boots and hat, and sometimes spurs, for those into S&M with horses); 3) Naugahyde (or leather, for conspicuous-consumption queens); and 4) Nazoid (ranging from police jackets to the full-fledged Hitler look now being dished up by the WASP's of *Drummer Magazine*).

In the 50's many Gay men made themselves into ridiculous parodies of straight women. In the 80's, many are making themselves into ridiculous parodies of straight men. When, I wonder, will we find our true selves?

The Red Queen
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: And what wears the Red Queen (all or none of the above)?

NOW HEAR THIS

★ Yes, I do want to renew my subscription, as you're the only contact I have with the gay world, as I live in the country and take care of my 94 year old father. About a year and a half ago, in moving my Father around, and was getting my mail forwarded to me. I didn't get my subscription in for a while and really missed the paper. To me, it's the best one I've ever gotten, and it comes regularly; which I very much appreciate. In the past I've subscribed to papers in Colorado and Arizona, and after three or maybe four issues, never got the rest of my subscription, no matter how much I called them or wrote about not receiving it. *Arizona Gay News* won't answer letters or phone calls; the other two were *The Scene* in Denver and *Contact*. I did get to talk to them, but it didn't do any good; letters were never answered.

I have about six correspondents, four of whom I've written to for about eighteen years, and only met one of them. There's hundreds of gays in this "Four Corners" area, but so closeted you wouldn't believe. At the only party that I ever got invited to about three years ago, quite a few wanted to go to bed with me, but in meeting them on the street, store or restaurant they'd ignore me. Real/working weatherbeaten cowpokes aren't in demand, they want the "drugstore" variety, wearing all the latest so-called "western" fashions (designed in New York City), in the fresh new Lewis (which, by the way, I hate to wear, as their workmanship is very poor) and all the rest of the stereotyped dress. I've lived on ranches most of my life and was glad to get any kind of clothes to cover my body. Naturally, chaps and boots were a necessity while riding pasture, but were very plain, and had to be kept oiled, as well as the saddles, to preserve them. It's a tough life, with long hard hours and low pay. Anyway, as to the gay side of my life, I like being around people of my own life-style, but seldom ever do. Used to hit the gay bars in Albuquerque once in a while, but too tied down now to get there. They were friendly and I enjoyed myself, but one weekend every six months or so doesn't give a guy a chance to find someone permanent. I've even thought if I could find some gay teenager, who'd been kicked out and needed a home, I could raise him, and he'd be like company for both Dad and me.

I read the "Letters" section all the time and sure get a good cross-section look at human nature. I'd say, though, that the city gays' troubles are quite trivial to their gay country cousins, as they have so much more freedom. I honestly feel that they should appreciate it, and also be more loving and caring to their fellow man. Perhaps it's a case of having TOO MUCH and

like a kid in a candy store overnight, nothing looks good to him in the morning after sampling everything. I'm probably stepping on a lot of toes, but then, I still think all the gay cliques should be more tolerant of each other and have more respect for each other and each other's feelings. If there's ever going to be unity and happiness in the gay world. From articles I read it seems as if a few do all the work and the others reap the goodies. I also notice that there are those who do their "thing" regardless of how it affects others, and that isn't being "cool" or even using common decency. They always use the excuse "it's their right;" well, one has the right to extend one's arm as far as one wants, unless it contacts with someone else's nose, then it's imposing on another's rights. Well, I'll cut for now, and again let me say that you've got a great paper.

Rick
New Mexico

LET'S BATHE OURSELVES

★ A great majority of gay men use the baths. From the satisfaction of pure wholesome lust to the search for friends and lovers the baths meet needs. Let's make our freedom of sexuality work for us. A community run baths that funnels profits back into the community could fund agencies like Operation Concern or gay health services. Why not use part of the Pride Foundation's new facilities for just such a fund-raising set-up? Let's take our energy and use it for our own betterment as opposed to enriching the gangsters at 8th and Howard.

Larry Wisch
San Francisco

TYLER OFFENSIVE

★ I am outraged at Robin Tyler, who, during her SF Lesbian/Gay Pride speech, declared, "I don't care what you say, President Reagan, your son is still gay!"

Just who the hell does Ms. Tyler think she is? Ron, Jr's. choice to marry indicates at most he may be bi, but not gay. Or does Ms. Tyler fall prey to the assumption that all male dancers are gay? How sexist — and homophobic — of her!

And, even if he were gay, just what right does Ms. Tyler have to openly declare that fact to the world? What about his rights to privacy and the freedom to decide whether or not to "come out"?

Obviously, Tyler cares very little about the individual's rights. She is more concerned about attacking the President, and pursuing the "Cause," than in maintaining an individual's Human Rights. That she should pull this low-handed type of thing in a forum of official approval by the parade committee is even more offensive, and scary. Is this what the Gay Movement has become? That we are to trample on individuals' rights in our feverish attempt to gain group equality? This smacks of fascist/communist tactics, and I want no part of it!

Ms. Tyler got in her licks, now it's my turn. I condemn you, Raunchy Robin, and condemn the Committee for approving your "right" to speak. Even if you ever did have such a right, you surely have forfeited it by that speech.

I urge all gay/lesbian people to join me in my outrage. Let's achieve our goals through humanitarian methods, not by making vicious personal attacks on innocent third parties. We should object loudly to ANY violation of Human Rights, no matter what the alleged "reason." And, we should not validate the remarks of this bitch by giving her another opportunity to so humiliate the Movement in future parades.

R. C. Bryant
San Francisco

B.A.R.

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LETTERS

NEW ARRIVAL — IN TROUBLE?

★ I am new to California, from New York City, and at the present time I am an inmate at San Quentin, and I don't know anyone in California. I would like to get a listing of Gay publications that may perhaps print a free ad for me in their paper, because it is very alone. If anyone out there has an open mind, and the willingness to understand, or who just wants to talk, stop by or write me. You let me know what's going on out there and I will let you know what's going on in here. I'm not asking for any hand-outs, just a handful of friends.

Alex Bryant, R.N.
P.O. Box C-23822
S.H.U. III #233
Tamal, CA 94974

P.S. My release date is February 22, 1982.

CRIR CHIDES FIRE CHIEF

Dear Chief Casper:

I write to protest your recent remarks linking the gay community with the tragic fire on Folsom Street last Friday. As a result of your irresponsible comments the gay community of this city has been portrayed as repulsive and degenerate by every newspaper across the country.

As you very well know, the only link between the fire and the gay community is that some of the innocent victims whose homes were destroyed in the blaze happened to be gay. The fire did not start in a "gay bath house;" it started in a building which had been vacant for the last five years and which was under renovation as a restaurant and hotel. Nor were there any "sado-masochistic slave quarters" with people chained to beds. There were only private homes and apartments. While some occupants apparently had some chains and other "toys" in their private homes, that does not merit your comment, nor does it justify the action of your department in permitting the media to film people's personal possessions. That is a disgusting invasion of the privacy of innocent victims and reflects a sickness in your department, not in the gay community.

Rumors have already started to circulate in the gay community that the fire department is an enemy, that it did less than an adequate job in containing the blaze, that firemen were laughing on the scene, and that they did not have the right size hose nozzles. However that may be, it is clear that your irresponsible comments have plunged the fire department's relationship with the gay community to an all time low.

I know you to be a fair and decent man, and I call upon you to acknowledge your mistake and to render a public apology. The press amplified and embellished your earlier remarks. They will likely ignore any apology, but at least you will have made the gesture. You owe us that much, at least.

Duke J. Armstrong
President, CRIR
San Francisco

OVERREACTION

★ I was never a "Gay activist" until I moved here 10½ years ago. Now, faced with a new, fresh, well-financed assault from the religious extremists, the San Francisco Gay community had better get its act together.

Over the years, it has become apparent that the local Gay activists are largely unrealistic, for several reasons: Gays are always bickering. Gays are always power-hungry. (We did it to Briggs, and we can really do it to Zone, IF we unite.) Gays are always "crotch" oriented. Yes, "it" is fun, but too much of anything is not good. We have to look at how the "straight" society perceives us. I looked, and I don't like what I saw. We are largely perceived as sex-crazy, period. We must show that we are interested in other issues, in the same ways as any citizen, such as gas, telephones, crime, Muni, parking, etc. Gays always compete with each other. Just what is this constant crapola for? As your editorial in the last issue pointed out, Zone, etc., hasn't even started yet, and there are already several groups opposing "them," including one that says there will be street evangelists, despite DA Arlo Smith's public comments that there will be no street evangelists. Gays are irresponsible. Are we? I don't think so, but I am a homosexual. If the message is false, we must get the truth out.

Despite the above, I am optimistic. We won against Anita Bryant and John Briggs. We can win again, but we must realize that the battle is constant, not just for the Spring/Summer of 1981. We must unite to win, and after the victory, we must keep that unity alive. We must not overreact. We must realize that the more we overreact, the more publicity we give to our opposition.

Herb Levy
San Francisco

B.A.R., PLEASE GET THE NAMES STRAIGHT

★ It was good to see that B.A.R. gave such full coverage to the highly successful Fifth Annual San Francisco International Gay Film Festival; however, I'd like to call your attention to the caption of the photograph that ran with the article.

The caption read: "Robert Epstein (L) and Michael Lumpkin (R), Festival director, surround one of the three women from the film." The woman being "surrounded" is, in reality, Frances Reid, co-producer and cinematographer of GREETINGS FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.

Since the majority of people who worked on GREETINGS are women, it's a bit ironic that the name of the one woman in the photo was omitted. Perhaps the correction should read: "Frances Reid (Center) envelopes Robert Epstein (L) and Michael Lumpkin (R)."???

Robert Epstein
Co-Producer, GREETINGS FROM
WASHINGTON, D.C.
San Francisco

BLOCKING BROTHERHOOD

Dear Mr. Karr:

Your editorial, "Our Amazing Diversity: What is Permissible?" (B.A.R., July 2) is well directed at those who would portray themselves as masters in costumes that represent a group known to have openly oppressed gays in the past.

However, in fact, the gay community reflects in its diversity the heterosexual community from which it derives and in which it resides, then such reminders of intolerance should not come as a surprise. Nor should other forms of intolerance be surprising, as described in the many complaints of discrimination by gays toward gays based on skin color, body weight, age, gender, physical handicap, sexual preference, and, even, sexual fantasies. The complaints are about individuals, as well as about the operating policies of gay-owned or -oriented businesses.

Editorials like yours do well to draw attention to a specific instance perpetuating intolerance and oppression, but need to go further. Readers need to be reminded that any act or expression of categorical discrimination serves to oppress a fellow human being but especially one of our community's own. The gay community, like the straight community, needs to be constantly alerted to any constraints it creates and imposes that obstruct a sense of brotherhood and unity from developing. The gay community, as much in these times as at any time, needs more cohesiveness, not further divisiveness.

Martin Valles
Concord, CA

TIP TAPPIN' ON

★ It's with the fondest of memories that I must submit my resignation as choreographer and creator of the Gay Freedom Day Tap Troupe. It is hard to find words to describe the thrill of working and dancing with such dedicated dancers; however, due to my own career demands, I can no longer devote the time to the Tap Troupe which I feel it deserves.

It has been a joy working with Jon Sims, Jerry Campbell, the new Board of Directors, and of course the wonderful Band, Twirlers, and high flying Guard. I wish all these groups and individuals, especially my co-choreographer Tommy Janes, continued success. The Pushrods and I will continue to support Gay rights both off and on the stage.

Rosie Radiator
San Francisco

TAT FOR TIT

★ Thomas M. Edwards' claim to being an "elder statesman" of the homosexual (sic) community is based solely upon age. His narrow, ultra-right wing social and political views are shared, fortunately, by very few lesbians and gay men. His continued blatherings and bleatings are pathetic and an embarrassment to those of us who are activists — regardless of sexual proclivities. He is a gay equivalent of an "Uncle Tom" — an "Aunt Mary." The Jewish equivalent would be the one who was shaking hands with and thanking the storm troopers while being herded off to the camps in Nazi Germany.

I, for one, loved the behavior, political advocacy and feminist militancy at the 1981 Lesbian/Gay Parade and Celebration. On the other hand, I found Mr. Edwards' comments, as published in the July 1, 1981, *San Francisco Examiner*, to be inexcusable, offensive and counter-productive.

It would be wonderful if Mr. Edwards took another vow of silence and made it permanent this time.

Don Heimforth
San Francisco

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— Anita Bryant
— Pope John Paul II
— Jerry Falwell

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Raines Case Gets Green Light

by George Heymont

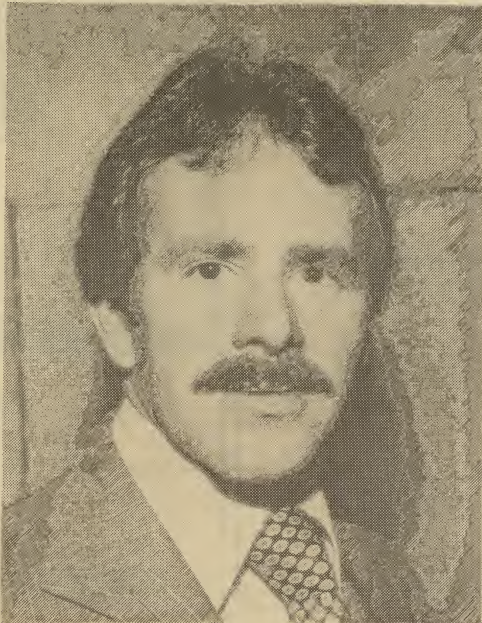
When Michael Raines was fired from his position as Managing Director of the War Memorial in January 1980, there were strong sentiments in the legal community that Raines' efforts to sue on grounds of sexual orientation discrimination would soon fade from sight. After a series of stall tactics on the part of the defendants, Raines' attorneys recently received the go-ahead from the courts to bring the case to trial.

"I think the defendants always expected that sooner or later we would go away," stated Matthew Coles, one of Raines' attorneys. "They had two major downtown law firms as well as the City and County of San Francisco defending the case with a vigor and budget that's wondrous to behold. They looked down and saw Michael Raines — an individual out of work, and two small solo practitioners — myself and Mary Dunlap, representing him. The City claimed that we wouldn't sue the members of the War Memorial Board individually and that we couldn't sue the War Memorial Board as an entity — that all we could sue was the City and County of San Francisco. And they were overruled."

Raines' career in arts management has been effectively shattered by the publicity which surrounded the case. One of the questions which has continued to pop up is whether or not Raines did a competent job while employed as Managing Director. "Look at what was done in that space of 16 months compared to any other 16 months in the War Memorial's history," states attorney Coles. "Michael Raines was far from a perfect human being. But I think he did a damned good

job. If he had let this drop, he could have continued on what was a very promising career in arts management. Now, with this lawsuit, he is totally unhirable."

The major breakthrough for Coles is a ruling by Superior Court Commissioner



Michael Raines persists in his case against the trustees — this week he had good news.

Richard E. Best that the defendants could not invoke California's constitutional right of privacy to prevent Raines' attorneys from asking questions about Defendant Philip Boone's attitudes towards homosexuals. Coles also sees the ruling as a giant step ahead for all plaintiffs in Gay discrimination lawsuits.

will get a jury in San Francisco as open-minded and willing to listen as the jury we had in Travis County, Texas, is something I'm curious to see."

"This is not a perfect case," he explained, "but a damned strong one. We've caught a defendant who needs to be

Coles, incidentally, is the attorney who successfully won a case in Austin, Texas, which involved discrimination against same sex dancing. "It was based on a sexual orientation discrimination ordinance which, I'm sad to point out, is three years older than our own here in San Francisco," he stated. "The idea that San Francisco is a pioneer in this field is a bit of provincial arrogance that is really quite wrong." Citing the jury in the Dan White trial Coles added, "Whether or not we

caught. I think we've caught him red-handed. You can't let that slip away and say 'Let's wait until they're stupid enough to do it again.' I don't think the arts are a charmed business. As soon as they don't want to be called to account on things that a normal government or business operation are called accountable for we are told that this is something beautiful and artistic which shouldn't be meddled with. My answer is that if you want to be free from public restrictions then free yourself from the constant feeding at the public trough. It's we who pay for you. If you want to run a big artistic facility with elaborate artistic programs and use government money and property to do it, then when called to account for your actions as a public trust, don't tell us 'Well, this is the arts; this is something different.' The City can't afford to keep any CETA programs running, yet it seems there's \$600,000 running around in somebody's back pocket for additional deficits over at the War Memorial Board. I'm not

sure I understand all that," Coles stated.

"The law is a totally reactionary business in the sense that it's all after the fact. You can't completely choose the battles that you're going to fight." Coles stresses that one of the factors in the Raines case is that the defendants are not arguing whether or not it is correct to discriminate, but whether or not they have the right to discriminate. The War Memorial Board of Trustees had previously been cited by the Director of the Muman Rights Commission as being grossly in violation of the Administrative Code standard nondiscrimination provisions.

It now looks as if Raines' case will make it onto the court calendar. Anyone wishing to help defray the legal costs, tax-deductible contributions may be sent to: CAPP STREET FOUNDATION for the Michael Raines Legal Defense Fund, 542-A Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

SF Gay Rodeo Bites the Dust

No one was answering the phone this week at 235 Montgomery, the head office of Bar-None Productions. Bar-None were the originators and producers of the first Gay rodeo for San Francisco. The event which has been promoted aggressively for the past six months was to be held at the SF Cow Palace August 15. This week it was abruptly canceled. And not unexpectedly its organizer, Gray Saunders, was unavailable for comment.

However, Saunders took the time to write to those who had invested in the venture in one form or another. Some Gay businesses had contracted to become sponsors, others had bought booth space, still others had paid for advertising in a proposed program. None of the charges were small. A major sponsorship went for \$25,000, a chute sponsor went for \$5,000, to sponsor a rider was \$1,000. A full page ad in the program cost \$1,000. To date no accounting was available as to how much money was invested or how much was lost.

Saunders wrote that his "California Gay Rodeo" was indefinitely postponed because Bar-None "had exhausted its funds and resources and will not be able to refund any deposits or advertising fees paid." Some takers announced that they had already turned Bar-None into the DA's consumer fraud bureau.

The news of Bar-None's demise came as no surprise to Gay community merchants. For weeks rumors have circulated of disgruntled staff and unpaid wages and unpaid bills. Last March the promoters kicked off the rodeo project with a bash at Trinity Place. Supposedly \$100,000 seed money had been put up. Likely prospects were invited.

According to one knowledgeable Gay business person, "The advertisers and the investors read the market better than the promoters." As a result a large majority walked away from the idea. Many businesses felt that Bar-None had no substantial experience in such a vast undertaking. Also that the promoters had failed to do a thorough market analysis (a ticket was priced at \$25). To others the concept was more ambitious than the market could sustain.

In its early stages Bar-None was closely associated with the ITF Group, which has gone out of business. ITF was a Gay advertising agency headed up by Doug Nelson (former GGBA Board Member and Chair of their Ethics Committee) and Ed West. West supposedly did substantial work for Bar-None Productions; ITF designed the brochures and ad copy and in the early stages placed advertising. With the collapse of ITF which had billed itself as "SF's fastest growing creative group," credit began to dry up, and increasingly Bar-None was faced with a COD business status.

Through the Gay grapevine prospective employees and participants became ever more leary of involving themselves in the venture. In late June Bar-None's latest and last staffers, Cynthia Neff (former VP of the GGBA) and John Mihaly, resigned because of unpaid wages and the jeopardizing of their professional reputations. This past week Gray Saunders and his grandiose idea — a San Francisco Gay Rodeo — ran out of funds, staff, and steam.

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Parade Committee Complains to SFPD

BY Konstantin Berlandt

Spokespersons for the Parade Committee held a side-walk news conference in front of the Starlight Room bar on Market near 7th last week to complain about police using "excessive force" at the June 28 parade.

Declared Co-chair Greg Day, "The Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade is the largest annual event in San Francisco. At a time when San Francisco's tourist industry is suffering from a recession . . . that a large number of police officers acted to bring harm to this event is alarming."

Day charged that although the Committee received co-operation from both foot patrol officers and top command, some — especially motorcycle mounted — officers attacked both Parade monitors and the public.

Numerous complaints have been filed with the police I.A.B. At a Police Commission hearing last Wednesday, July 8, Police Chief Con

ports both with I.A.B. and the Parade Committee, Box 12, Women's Building, 3543 18th Street, San Francisco, 94110, or phone 861-5404.

Monitor team leader at 7th and Market, Judy Wohlberg described one incident at that intersection in writing to the Parade Committee: "I turned to see approximately 20 motorcycled policemen driving through that crowd . . . and began circling, almost without regard to the pedestrians, the people (and) the onlookers in the parade. It felt very dangerous, very chaotic, very violent, very out of control. People began running. The crowd got very angry, and also there was a lot of fear."

Wohlberg's report suggests a beer tossed at a police officer may have triggered his calling in the reinforcements.

A videotape by freelancer Robert Hunter was also shown at the press conference. The tape shows the officer hit by some flying object,



Motorcycle cop deftly uses his instrument to accomplish crowd control at the Gay Parade. Notice his happy face. (Photo by Paul Miller)

work better together to avoid similar incidents in the future.

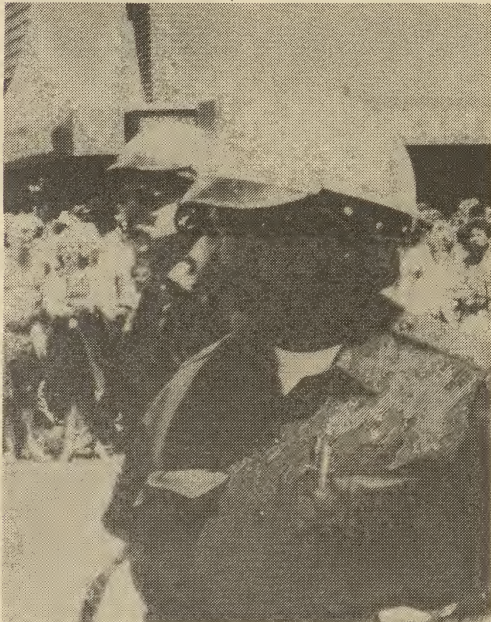
At the Police Commission hearing, where several people spoke of their own or others' brutalization by police they had reported to I.A.B. but received little satisfaction, Day also rose to read a letter from Parade Security Super-

visor Glenna McElhinney that complains she and a friend were discouraged by the officer at the desk from even filing their complaints to I.A.B. Day noted her difficulty only highlights the inherent conflict of interest in having police investigate police.

PLANNED OBsolescence

His ratings are down
They're not worth a dime.
He's played new boy in town
For the fifth and last time.

— by Woolly



Police remove their badges in trouble-prone situations so they won't lose them. They don't remove their helmets for fear of recognition — taken at the Gay Day Parade.

Murphy assured Commissioner Jo Daly he would co-operate with the Committee and have a report back within 30 days of the filed complaints.

The Committee requests that anyone who witnessed conduct unbecoming police officers at the parade file re-

strolling back to his cycle, using his radio . . . the I-Beam float comes dancing by, followed by a large and ostensibly happy crowd who are interrupted by the police reinforcements and show of force.

Day stressed he hoped the Committee and police could



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(In our July 30 issue we will run a listing of all donors who have given to the Chorus and a thermometer of money collected to date.)

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Board of Immigration Appeals Nixes Carl Hill

GRA Will Continue Battle With INS

The Board of Immigration Appeals in a decision dated July 9 reversed the order of Judge Bernard J. Hornbach and ordered that Carl Hill, a self-defined homosexual, be excluded from the United States. Although Gay Rights Advocates has not yet received a copy of the decision of the Board of Immigration Appeals, it appears that the Board supported the theory of the Attorney General of the United States that homosexual aliens could be excluded from the United States without the benefit of a medical certificate issued by the Public Health Service.

"The Board of Immigration Appeals has unfortunately failed to seize this opportunity to reject an archaic and unenforceable law. We are confident, however, that when this matter is presented to the Federal Courts the law will be unequivocally repudiated," said Jeff T. Appleman, a private immigration defense lawyer in San Francisco, who has been associated with the Carl Hill case as a cooperating attorney with Gay Rights Advocates for the past two years.

Don Knutson, Legal Counsel for Gay Rights Advocates, expressed his disappointment in the decision by the Board but stated: "We intend to file suit in Federal Court promptly. We are confident that the Federal Courts will uphold our long-held view that the statute is not enforceable."

The federal statute in question is a McCarthy-era law which excludes those "afflicted with psychopathic personality." This law came under attack in June 1979, when Carl Hill, a British citizen, challenged the right of the Immigration Service to subject him to a psychiatric examination and exclusion from the country. As a result of that litigation, the Surgeon General issued a directive that since homosexuality is not considered a mental disorder, the Public Health Service would no longer participate in exclusion proceedings.

After almost a year of negotiation with the Carter Administration, the Justice Department issued new regulations purporting to exclude only those arriving aliens who made an "unsolicited, unambiguous declaration of homosexuality." Gay Rights Advocates, a San Francisco-based public interest law firm, successfully challenged those regulations on behalf of Mr. Hill in November 1980. It was this decision that the Board reversed yesterday.

Jean O'Leary, Executive

Director of Gay Rights Advocates, commented: "We have invested considerable time and resources in this long an arduous battle, and we do not intend to abandon it now. The lawyers are confident that our chances for ultimate success are high, but we face the prospect of at least two more years of litigation. The appeal from this decision will be filed on behalf of Mr. Hill in either Washington, D.C., or San Francisco within the next few days."

Hill's troubles began two years ago when he and a friend were detained at SFO by Immigration agents. The openly Gay pair were here to participate in the Gay Freedom Day Parade. He was wearing a "Gay Pride" button.

Gay Rights Advocates immediately went to Hill's aid and have been handling his case ever since. Hill returned to the US last year to pursue his challenge to US Immigration rules that deny entry to homosexuals. On his second visit Bernard Hornbach, an administrative law judge in San Francisco, ordered him admitted. "It is clear today that a homosexual is neither a psychopath nor a sick person afflicted with communicable disease," Hornbach declared at the time.

Hornbach's ruling was promptly appealed by immigration officials, who permitted Hill to continue his visit, pending the hearing by the Board of Immigration Appeals.

Appleman said yesterday the board's decision would be appealed to the U.S. District Court in San Francisco. He said Hill wanted to challenge the ruling so that he and other homosexuals would be able to enter the United States without being released on a parole order.

Don Knutson said Hill was in New York City awaiting the outcome of the lengthy litigation.

Tom Hayden On Tour

"The New Republican Right: The Progressive's Response" will be the topic for politician Tom Hayden, Chair of the Campaign for Economic Democracy, in a speech Wednesday, July 29, 7:30pm at the Women's Building of the Bay Area, 3543 18th Street (near Valencia). \$3 admission. Wheelchair accessible. Information: 285-6778, 751-3120 or 821-0149.

Louisiana Homophobia

Briggs A Poor Role Model

Apparently State Senator John Briggs is still an inspiration to some befuddled politicians. The *Times-Picayune*, New Orleans' prime daily, indicates that Louisiana State Senator Joe Savario is planning to introduce legislation which will ban homosexuals from teaching in the State of Louisiana.

Savario's action couldn't come at a more pathetic time. Louisiana has one of the highest rates of illiteracy in the United States. An estimated 80% of the schools in the state cannot afford to replace broken windows or repair leaking roofs. Yet Savario plans to pull Gay teachers out of the schools if his legislative action succeeds. "I'm checking the constitutionality of it now. If it is possible to do something along these lines I will sponsor such a bill," the Prairieville politician stated. "Perhaps homosexuals have a place in life somewhere else but not in public schools."

Several years ago Californians rallied strongly against the Briggs Initiative. Whether or not Louisiana Gays will be able to muster similar strength in today's political atmosphere remains to be seen.

Push De Button!

While the Moral Majority rages on against the overwhelming sex which perverts the fundamental basics of motherhood and apple pie, Philadelphia's Gay Community Center has a difficult quandary on their hands. Not wanting to be accused of being "not politically correct," the center has responded to criticisms about their pinball machines. Although pinball machines offer a wonderful way for some people to vent their frustrations, critics have labeled the machines as extremely sexist because their scoreboard illustrations objectify women as voluptuous vixens with little clothing. However, GCC's treasurer states that the machines were purchased as revenue producers and generate 12 percent of the Center's operating funds. In fact, Treasurer Steve Wigod wishes he could purchase some more of them.

One patron with a particularly low social consciousness suggested an improvement on a popular video game called "The Gobblers." Instead of rows of dots on the screen, why not have the gobblers swallowing little penises as they race through the maze. If the game could be retitled "Backroom," he claims it could be a hit in sleaze bars. It beats "Pin the Tail on the Donkey."

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POLITICS AND POKER

WAYNE FRIDAY

Community United Against Violence (CUAV) held a wine and cheese reception this week honoring Art Agnos, Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon; this was a fundraiser for CUAV, one of the finest organizations in our community . . . look for Board of Education member Jule Anderson to resign before the end of her term, and meanwhile don't invite Jule and fellow member Rosario Anaya to the same cocktail party . . . quote of the week (by Senator Barry Goldwater, a conservative Republican) commenting on Jerry Falwell's opposition to the O'Connor Supreme Court nomination: "Every good Christian out to kick Falwell right in the ass" . . . pickets claiming that the place is being converted from low-cost residential facilities to a tourist hotel marched outside the Carlton Hotel last week chanting, "Stop the conversions" (the Carlton is owned by Mayor Feinstein and her husband, Dick Blum) . . . hats off to the Harvey Milk Gay Demo Club in their efforts to counter the obvious discriminatory acts at the Club Baths on 8th Street . . . and a boot in the ass to SFFD Chief Andy Casper who ordered a temporary morgue set up at last week's big South of Market fire claiming some of his firemen had smelled "burning meat" (what the hell were THEY smoking) — further exaggerating the situation the Chief shot his mouth off to the press fantasizing that there were probably people "chained up" in the buildings, suggesting that so-called "slave quarters" were in use at the "Gay bathhouse" (actually, the building has not been used as a bathhouse since 1976) — and as for the headlines and front-page drama in the *Examiner*, well they do have to sell papers, don't they? (Do you realize how many people STILL think the Vegas MGM fire was started by two Gay men smoking a joint and having sex in the hallway? Both the *Chron* and *Examiner* headlines that one for two days, but when the truth came out that it was bullshit, nary a word in the papers) . . .

Jerry Brown could well be the first Governor ever done in by a fruit fly — Brown, already known in some circles as Governor Flip-Flop, is hoping that the federal order to spray the trees got him off the hook, claiming that the Reagan people "have a gun to our heads" — meanwhile, the Guv, who seemingly is always reversing himself on crucial problems, is taking the heat from powerful members of his own party — Willie Brown: "He (the Governor) couched his statements in terms that made it look like Ronald Reagan is personally carrying the spray gun;" Senate President David Roberti: "Instead of showing calm, steady gubernatorial leadership in a time of crisis, the Governor is running around like Chicken Little screaming that the sky is falling;" Leo McCarthy: "Jerry's most difficult problem is that he is seen as constantly reversing himself on all the crucial problems that have faced him" . . . ah, yes, Jerry, and it looked like you might have an easy time of it for Senator next year, but now both the agricultural industry and those worried about the health interests of Santa Clara County are both pissed off . . . oh,

dear, Jerry, the farmers who raise the fruit are mad as hell; your Democrat "friends" are taking shots at you; and, as if that wasn't enough, now the State Bar Ass'n is investigating a complaint that two lawyer members of the Guv's staff might have violated ethical rules governing the behavior of lawyers, and the state Fair Political Practices Commission is conducting an investigation of the Governor's alleged misuse of public funds to maintain a computer list of his political supporters . . . meanwhile, look for an earlier announcement of Assemblyman Leo McCarthy that he is a candidate to oppose Brown in next year's senatorial nomination fight . . .

In case you hadn't heard, the S.F. Sheriff's deputies barely defeated the GSL All-Stars in last week's softball game . . . of course, one knows who leaked the item to the S.F. *Bay Guardian* that there would be a meeting between five mentioned Gay "leaders" to decide who amongst them would be "the Gay candidate" for Supervisor next year . . . Mayor Feinstein reportedly mad as hell at Bill Kraus for his blast at her in the last Alice Toklas newsletter . . . and the Mayor and Bill May would like us to know about the Mental Health Advisory Board's first annual Art and Wine Festival to be held at Civic Center Plaza on August 8 and 9 from 9am to 6pm (make sure you attend this one — an excellent cause) . . . some Democrats insist that novelist Gore Vidal is serious about running

for the Senate from California next year and a committee on his behalf is already being formed here and in LA . . . and Sam Hayakawa's campaign manager, Ron Smith, thinks he can scare off probable Sleepy Sam opponents such as Barry Goldwater, Jr. — I know Ron Smith and know that he is a talented campaign man, but I think that if Hayakawa finishes better than third in the GOP race many Republicans I know will be surprised . . .

Dennis Collins now working in the S.F. District Attorney's office . . . one Democratic congressman recently heard commenting that it is almost taken for granted that George Deukmejian and Pete McCloskey would make an unbeatable ticket for Governor and Senator . . . meanwhile, one of Dianne Feinstein's strongest woman supporters told me last week that she thought the Mayor made a serious mistake by being too quick to rush to the defense of the Police Department's Internal Affairs Bureau, saying that, "Dianne looks bad on this one" — it might be a temporary embarrassment, but I am damned glad to see that the Mayor recognizes there are problems in her police department; and as for the politics of the situation, don't underestimate Dianne Feinstein — she has overcome worse . . . Supervisor Dick Hongisto's nominee, George Mendenhall, a longtime Gay activist, has been appointed to the Citizens Telecommunications Policy Committee (the cable TV committee) of the Board of Supervisors — Mendenhall was one of seven appointed from a field of 23 applicants . . . GOP Assemblyman Dave Stirling became the first Republican to an-

nounce as a candidate for Attorney General to succeed George Deukmejian who will be running for Governor; meanwhile, friends of both Arlo Smith (a Democrat) and Milton Marks (a Republican) urging these men to also seek that office . . . Art Agnos has introduced a bill (AB350) to establish a permanent absentee ballot program for the elderly and disabled . . . Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver in Taipei this week as representative to the Mayor to dedicate a children's playground given to that city by San Francisco . . . rumors have GOP County Chairman pushing Tom Spinosa, perennial candidate-for-everything, and not exactly known for his pro-Gay views, for appointment by the Reagan people as commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization Service . . . and speaking of Reagan, I haven't read too much about her, but I think the President made an excellent choice in his nomination of Sandra O'Connor to the Supreme Court — it sure annoyed the hell out of NCPAC and the Moral Majority; one national news commentator said this was Reagan's way of telling the Far Right to get lost and suggested that Reagan had cut his ties with them for good . . .

Even John Burton's loyal friends fear that re-districting could pose a big problem for the Congressman next year — his district will have less of San Francisco and Brother Phil wants to give John the Vallejo area of Solano County (connected to the rest of the district by water) which has in the past been a Democrat stronghold, but has become less loyal in recent years, but local Democrat leaders may object to the

water jump, and John Burton could be in trouble . . . Judge Ollie Marie-Victoire and her husband celebrating their 35th wedding anniversary . . . don't be surprised if Board President John Molinari runs for the Board of Equalization job being given up by retiring member George Reilly, although I hear Mayor Dianne Feinstein has already pledged her support to Reilly's deputy, John Shimon, for the job . . . and it is almost a sure thing that School Board President Bill Maher will be running for the Board of Supes next year . . . Supervisor Harry Britt tells me he is certain his plan for a proposed Office of Citizens Complaints has the necessary votes on the Board of Supes . . . discord aplenty in the District Attorney's office with more and more Assistant D.A.'s leaving; at a going-away party for one of the D.A.'s the butt of the nasty remarks was not so much the boss, Arlo Smith, but rather his top aide, Don Jacobson, who it seems no one really likes (except Arlo, that is) . . . I hear that CORNERSTONE, the conservative organization set up to do battle with the Moral Majority has been doing little battling except perhaps with their creditors (seems they have fallen on lean financial times that no one wants to talk about) . . .

A couple of my friends in the Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights (CRIR) tell me they are getting tired of the executive board infighting going on in that club, claiming that a small group closely allied with former president Kevin Wadsworth are hell-bent on thwarting anything constructive offered by the present all too popular

(Continued on Page 37)

CHANCES ARE, YOU'VE GOT HEPATITIS

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Ron Wickliffe

CUAV Volunteers Attacked in Golden Gate Park

I am shaking with anger as I write this. I am angry at a system which legitimizes hate and violence. I am angry at every "macho man" who has ever assaulted a Gay man or Lesbian in a futile attempt to prove his own inadequate masculinity to himself. I am especially angry at the group of "men" who made me wail with anguish and disbelief last Sunday as I cradled the bloody head of my lover on the pavement.

Arthur and I had been working very hard all week-end on a plan to expand the services that Community United Against Violence provides. We decided to take a brief walk in Golden Gate Park to relax before our next meeting. It was a lovely day, with sunshine, birds singing, and lots of people enjoying a pleasant and relaxing afternoon in the park. We were holding hands, as people who feel affection for one another often do.

As we were leaving the park, our heads full of plans for a better tomorrow, we

passed a group of about 15 beer-swilling straights who became enraged at the sight of two people holding hands. They started shouting anti-Gay remarks at us, the usual things like "kill faggots" and "you faggots don't own this city yet."

The situation escalated quickly with a shower of beer bottles thrown at us. We fled across Lincoln Avenue. Three of them chased after us and caught up with us. I defended myself with Mace. It was the first time I've ever had to use it, after carrying it for over a year since my last assault. It

was quite effective. I escaped with no injuries, although my glasses were broken. As I was defending myself, the others outnumbered Arthur, got him down, and kicked him in the face. There are no words to describe my feelings as I saw him lying there. There was blood everywhere. I think it even made the assailants sick.

Later I discussed the incident with a friend, and he said something very interesting. He said, "Ron, you have to remember that you are a white nigger, and you just can't hold hands in public." I hadn't really thought about the significance of holding hands before, but this statement triggered something.

If every Black person had placidly continued to ride in the back of the bus, drink from separate fountains, eat at separate lunch counters, go to separate schools, and so forth ad infinitum, there would have been no civil rights movement. It is precisely because a few brave people chose to defy the established social rules, knowing full well that there was risk involved, that laws which legitimized hatred and bigotry against Black people were removed.

In less enlightened times, many Black people tried to "pass" as whites. Even today, most Gay people try to "pass" as straights. Wouldn't it be nice if the hate-mongers and bigots would try to pass as human beings by acting with integrity in allowing all people to live in dignity?

So I'll buy another can of Mace to replace the one I emptied on my assailants last Sunday, and I'll hold my head high with pride for who I am, and I'll hold my lover's hand when and where I choose to, and if the hate-mongers don't like it they can swallow my Mace and I'll kick them when they're down. But I will not cower and cringe and demean myself by trying to "pass" as straight.

At a time when Gay rights are under increasing attack from the "New Right" the last thing we can afford to do is hide in the closet where they can pick us off one by one. We don't need any more martyrs. Lord knows we've had enough of those. All you have to do is sit down and read CUAV assault reports for a couple of hours to know that.

CUAV is in the forefront of the struggle for safety on the streets. We need your help if we are to succeed. We are now averaging more than two assault reports every day. Call us at 864-8347 if you would like to help in the struggle for human dignity, or send a donation if you can't spare the time.

QUICK HITS

Here is a brief sampling of a few of the reports we've received recently:

July 2, Hartford near 19th: Two Gay men were walkin' up 19th at about 2am when accosted by two others. One of the Gay men took out his Mace can, and was shot in the abdomen. He is being treated in SF General Hospital for bullet wounds in the lungs and stomach. The attackers escaped into the night.

July 1, 18th at Castro: Two men in a white station wagon asked a Gay man for directions. As he came over to talk to them they punched

him in the face, called him a faggot, and drove away.

July 5, Market and Castro: Three men in a car threw 5 lighted strings of firecrackers into the open window of another car, burning the occupants.

July 1, Market and Castro: Four men threw a firecracker from a car, hitting a Gay man. They then jumped from their car, attacked him, got back into their car, ran a red light, struck a parked car, and were arrested by the police.

A Victory: James K. Aven

was convicted of the assault of a Gay man several months ago and sentenced to 8 months in county jail, 3 years probation, and 6 years suspended sentence. He was fined \$5,000 to cover the medical expenses of the victim, who very nearly lost an eye.

MACE CLASSES

The next CUAV Mace classes are Saturday, July 18, at 10am and Tuesday, July 21 and 28, at 7pm. The classes are held at 117 Diamond Street and cost \$30. A can of Mace is included. ■



Shelley Werk, past star of *Beach Blanket Babylon* Goes To The Stars and popular cabaret zany, returns to the Savoy-Tivoli, July 29 through August 2. Werk brings with her original songs, devilish characterizations of Liza Minnelli, Ann Miller, Christina Crawford and Deborah Harry as well as a rowdy mouth and lunatic mind. This wild and manic woman may not leave the Savoy standing!

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GGBA Foundation Funds Two Groups

In its latest round of grants, the Golden Gate Business Association Foundation awarded grants to two local Gay groups to assist in their efforts on behalf of Lesbians and Gay men in the Bay Area.

A \$200 award was made to the San Francisco Lesbian & Gay Men's Community Chorus to help defray the cost of hiring the Berkeley Symphony Orchestra for the June 26 concert in Davies Hall. A grant of \$200 was also made to radio station KPFA's Fruit Punch Collective to underwrite the live coverage of the 1981 Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day Parade.

This was the GGBA Foundation's second round of grants since it was founded in 1980. Previous grant recipients were Community Transitions/Jobpower (Gay employment agency), Youth Advocates/Huckleberry House (assistance for runaway youths), and Lilith (a women's theater group). Funds for the Foundation have been raised by a series of benefits sponsored by GGBA, the largest Gay business association in the nation.

Awards are made on several criteria, among them: the nonprofit status of applicant organizations, financial need, and significant service to the Gay community. The maximum grant at any one time by

the Foundation is \$500. The next round of grants will be awarded in September, with an application deadline of August 15. Organizations qualifying for support are in the categories of social services, culture, education and scientific research.

MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN LAUNCHED

For two months this summer GGBA is conducting a major membership recruitment drive to bring in new business members in time for inclusion in the *Fall-Winter Buyer's Guide/Directory*. President Matt Coles appointed a Membership Task Force of approximately 70 current members, who will be organized into nine teams covering specific geographical areas or occupational fields. The nine team captains report to the chair of the Task Force, John Schmidt.

Every member of GGBA is asked to assist in the membership effort by agreeing to bring in at least one new member in the next 60 days. If you know a potential General or Associate member that should be mailed membership information, please call Kim Cortright at the office, 956-8660. The GGBA member that brings in the most new members during the campaign will win an autumn weekend for two at one of our member resorts on the Russian River!

MEDIA QUEEN

Harvey Slept Here

KONSTANTIN BERLANDT

They are like miners coming down out of the hills never having found a strike, the old-timers, the ones who have been here the full ten years the Castro has been a Gay-identifiable neighborhood — the ones who remember standing on the corner at Castro and 18th and cruising the other faggot in the neighborhood on the opposite corner, before the streets got so crowded you don't know where to look.

He remembers. A curly-headed, small, kid-like looking fellow, twinkling eyes and smile when he dares look you back directly in the eye.

He ripped me off for \$60. Maybe he thought he was charging for this interview, especially after I passed on his name, address and story, with his permission, to author Randy Shilts, writing the definitive book on the life of Harvey Milk. Later he claimed to have slept with Shilts, though if he had, Randy never called back to thank me for procuring the interview.

It was one chilly and foggy morning when I was having my first cup of coffee of the day in the cafe across the street from where I live, a few blocks from Castro and 18th, and the curly-haired habitue was so strung out on something he wouldn't have quieted under a gag.

He saw me looking at him in a familiar way. I recognized him from the Jaguar. He started talking to me clear across the room. I moved my cup to his table to lower the volume of his conversation.

I could have been anyone — a ghost sitting across from him sharing the listening. He showed me his pants that had gotten the ass ripped out last night. "I don't know how I'm going to get home," he laughed, pointing to his bicycle on the other side of the cafe window. He wore his T-shirt like a flag in flag-touch football to hide the bareness he revealed to me. He had a cute ass.

He talked a blue stream of consciousness, however, underlining sentences and drawing pictures in the *B.A.R.* and *Chronicle* we shared. He remembered Harvey.

He remembered Harvey used to cruise him often and try to get him to come home and fuck. "He was always after me." The late great leader of our people. "One time I was at this political meeting for something or other at the Rec' over there, and Harvey was standing up and saying all this shit, and when he'd sit down he'd eye me so heavily I finally got up and left, he was making me so nervous, and he jumped up to follow me out. I let the door slam in his face." He admitted it was rude, but he defended himself in trying to get away from someone who refused to take no for the answer. "And even after that he still wouldn't leave me alone. One time he comes up to me on the street and tells me to come by his shop, he has some pictures of me.

his mind and mine, but he always wanted to fuck with me.

"They had to pull me away from the coffin. I was bawling so bad I didn't want to leave. There was this line and the guard said I had to move on."

cused of Harvey Milk-type sexism.

Later on the street one day, he offered to do me a favor but instead spent the money I fronted him. Gay journalists being the affluent

first rights — so published. Good promo for Randy's book, too, if he uses it.

Visibility was their stand, their bottom line, their heroism, their crime they took such knocks for in the beginning.

The ones who follow take it all for granted: The Castro has always been this way. The problems of bringing the neighborhood out cost no tears for nobody.

But the old-timers — the Ron Ernsts of the Jaguar and Kenny Morgans of the New Pendulum, once called the Honeybucket, politicians like Harvey Milk and this little tramp on the street whose bare ass was too good for Harvey — pioneers, the living still hanging out on this same, sometimes bloody though rarely boring street corner: their scars are on their faces and in their demeanors.

They are the ones who fought by mere presence, often without forethought, the early battles, suffered and sometimes embittered and in some cases died so we can "sin," their souls like so much cum etched into the sidewalk, their hearts splattered like eggs still lobbed by passing motorists.

Their pain is our pain: We all share.

CARRY ON

As the image of macho gets bolder
And the vision of foggy gets worse,
A knapsack over one shoulder
Gets better results than a purse.

— by Woolly



Harvey Milk starts his move up in the world. Rising rents force him to close his Castro Street camera store (political headquarters). Still, he had been elected; he had half a year to live. (Photo by Guy Corry)

"Well, I know who took those pictures and took them to his shop to be developed, and I tell him, 'Harvey, you shouldn't be having pictures that don't belong to you. You could get in trouble for that.'"

He asks if I don't agree that pictures of his body are his to share with, or deny to, whom he pleases. I get a second cup of coffee. He doesn't need another drop. "But when he got shot," he continues with no need of my encouragement, "I felt bad. I went to City Hall when the caskets were on display. Moscone I didn't know. He seemed like a nice enough Mayor. I didn't hold anything against him. I didn't think he should be shot, but I didn't know him, so I didn't feel a whole lot standing beside his casket.

"But when I got to Harvey's I started Bawling. I just cried my fucking eyes out. I didn't think I would, but when I got there I thought, 'Well, you finally won, Harvey. I finally came to see you, only I wish it wasn't after you're dead.'"

"I thought — many times I thought, Harvey, if he'd only just, like, ask me to coffee or something where we could just talk, share some ideas,

The windows on the warm inside of the cafe had steamed up a bit. He talked on about fabric designs and other things I cared less about. I thought of inviting him up to my place across the street, but I had a deadline and he seemed too weirded out. Besides, I didn't want to be ac-

class we are, I guess he felt he deserved it. His story is worth something, after all. Maybe if his alleged tryst with Shilts had been a better fuck, he might not have felt so exploited. Or if I had wanted more than a story, he might not have charged for it. But since I shelled out the bucks, I want

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GAY MEN'S CHORUS TOURS AMERICA '81

FACE TO FACE

A Gay Candidate for '82

SUPERVISOR HARRY BRITT

The next election for the Board of Supervisors is not until November, 1982, but the action is already hot and heavy among potential candidates. Five seats will be at stake — those of Supervisors Walker, Hongisto, Ward, Nelder and Dolson. Of these five, the first three appeal primarily to liberal voters, while the other two are consistent conservatives. As a result, there will be an effort from both left and right to use this election to influence the complexion of the Board. It will not be easy to unseat any of the incumbents. Citywide elections are decided by money and name recognition, and it's extremely difficult to offset the advantages of incumbency. The former losers generally regarded as having the best chance of making a serious challenge are Ben Hom, Haig Mardikian, Terence Hallinan, and Don Horanzy, none of whom has a strong base of support among Lesbians and Gay men.

So what about a Gay candidate? Despite the loss of district elections, there is a real possibility that San Francisco will elect a second openly Gay supervisor next year. This possibility exists because our community has done a good job of building relationships with other political forces in the city. We have demonstrated political sophistication and a commitment to issues of importance to a lot of other groups in San Francisco. Consequently, I find a real openness on the part of political activists from a lot of backgrounds to support a Lesbian or Gay candidate in 1982. There is, in fact, strong sentiment that our chances of electing other liberal candidates might be improved by the presence of attractive progressive candidates from both the Asian and Gay communities.

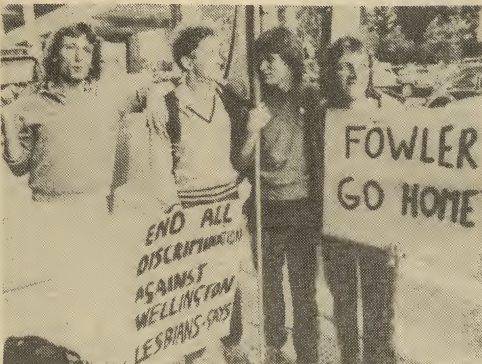
Whether we take advantage of this opportunity depends upon our ability to

unite around a single candidate, someone we can go to our friends with as a valuable addition to the Board of Supervisors. If we do not unite — if we repeat the craziness of a dozen or so Gay candidates that happened in 1979 and 1980 — we might as well forget the whole thing. I had to restrain myself then, because I was a candidate myself, but this time around I will be saying a great deal about divisive Gay candidates. There's simply too much at stake for the city and our community to indulge the whims of everyone who wants their name in the paper.

The list of potential candidates around whom our community might unite is very short. The two women who are presidents of the Harvey Milk and Alice B. Toklas Clubs have taken themselves out of the running. There have been extensive discussions among politically knowledgeable people as to whom they will be able to generate the necessary support. At this point, I see no more than three possibilities. I hope that very soon one of these three, or some as-yet-undiscovered fourth person will begin to emerge as a consensus choice. If you have ideas as to whom that person should be, now is the time to share them with those of us who are politically active.

Politics is one of many fields in which Lesbians and Gay men are showing the larger world that we have a special contribution to make. The stereotype that Gay politicians are only interested in Gay issues has been laid to rest. In 1982 we will have an opportunity to create an even stronger Gay presence among political forces that are trying to make San Francisco a better city for all of her diverse populations. ■

New Zealand Mayor Picketed



Demonstrators against Wellington, New Zealand, Mayor (a purported homophobe) catch him in San Francisco. (Photo by Rink)

Last Friday night, 35 Gays picketed a \$30-a-plate San Francisco Chamber of Commerce dinner held in the Old Ferry Building. The dinner was in honor of the San Francisco visit of Mayor Michael Fowler of Wellington, New Zealand.

In 1980, Fowler created a controversy in New Zealand when he supported the Wellington City Council in denying Lesbians the right to advertise on city buses. Fowler held that such advertising was unacceptable because it would encourage deviations

from the norm. At that time, he made it clear that he would not support measures aimed at ending discrimination against Gays in Wellington.

Fowler, in town to further the establishment of a "sister city" relationship with San Francisco, was met at the dinner by pickets chanting "Fowler Go Home" and "No Sister City, No Deals With Homophobes." The "sister city" relationship would benefit Wellington in terms of increased trade and business with San Francisco. Fowler, before entering the dinner, reaffirm-

ed to a New Zealand reporter his desire for the "sister city" relationship and, at the same time, refused to change his position on the Gay rights issue.

The nondisruptive picket, called by Solidarity-Gay/Lesbian Liberation and endorsed by the executive committee of the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club, began at 6:30pm, a half-hour before the dinner, and ended at 7:30pm. Those attending the dinner were leafleted with a B.A.R. article detailing the history of Fowler's anti-Gay policies.

Spokesman Donald Montwill explained the presence of the picket. "We are shocked and angered that the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce would honor Fowler. We vehemently oppose any 'sister city' relationship with Wellington as long as blatant anti-Gay discrimination continues there. We demand an end to all negotiations with self-proclaimed homophobes," he stated.

Howard Wallace, a founder of Solidarity, pointed out that the Chamber of Commerce, which honored Fowler's visit, has a history of nonsupport for Gay rights. In 1978, the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce refused to oppose the anti-Gay Briggs Initiative.

As things now stand, the establishment of any "sister city" relationship with Wellington will be decided by Mayor Dianne Feinstein and the Board of Supervisors. Montwill expressed the hope that "our community will stand in solidarity with its counterpart in Wellington by impressing upon our city officials that we firmly oppose any deals with Fowler."

Mexican Gay Liberationist and Nancy Pelosi Stonewall Guests

Stonewall Gay Democratic Club was host to Democratic State Party Chair Nancy Pelosi and a Gay Liberation speaker from Mexico City at their July meeting.

Pelosi stated that the Democratic Party is not well funded and members should work out a better strategy. She re-

"simply disappear" due to police actions. The audience familiar with police brutality stories in San Francisco was noticeably moved by what he said, and the club took a position in support of Mexican Gay Liberation as it is — not united by in many ways showing courage in the face of real personal danger.



Nancy Pelosi, Demo State Chair, at the Stonewall Club meeting. President Ben Gardiner looks on. (Photo by Rink)

sponded to charges that Charles Manatt, national Chair of the Party, had "sold us out" with plans for a greatly diminished mid-term convention in 1982 by saying that she thinks Manatt is a realist. She also responded to a question about her husband's real estate venture by saying that it was "a building near our house and was so our five children could have some place to live when they might need it in the future."

The Mexican guest (who out of deferred heroism prefers not to be identified in news stories) said that Gay persons have been beaten in public and in some places

In other actions, Stonewall voted to support clubmember and Supervisor Harry Britt's proposal for a civilian review of police and urged members to appear at the hearing on Wednesday, July 8, at City Hall, and voted increased support for the May 21st Defendants with focus on the District Attorney and Peter Plate's hearing on July 14.

Stonewall came out emphatically against the Family Protection Act, denouncing it as fraudulently named as well as extremely dangerous to the liberties of many segment of society besides the Gay community.

GRA to Honor Backers

On Sunday, July 19, the Fourth Annual Professionals Benefit for Gay Rights Advocates will be held at the Fort Mason Center. Numerous local and national professional organizations have offered their support, joining the mental health community who began the tradition four years ago. This year's celebration will honor:

Dr. Don Clark: noted San Francisco psychologist, teacher, and author of several books, including "Loving Someone Gay" and "Living Gay," and member of the first governing board of GRA.

Don Knutson: Counsel to GRA, who has been involved in all of GRA's landmark cases including those in the areas of employment discrimination, immigration, and presently, the military.

Jean O'Leary: newly appointed executive director of GRA, past co-director of National Gay Task Force, president of the National Association of Business Councils, and a member of the Executive Committee of the Gay Rights National Lobby (an organization she helped form).

These three champions of Gay causes have all been instrumental in the development of Gay Rights Advocates.

The 5pm celebration features an open wine bar, cocktail buffet by Forrest/Cullum, music by the Summertime Trio, and birthday surprises for the two Dons. For information: 863-9157.




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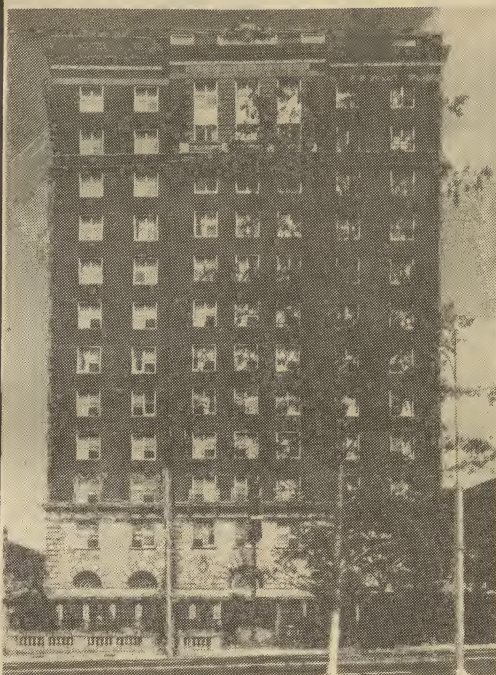
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Hotel York to Open in Atlanta



The new Hotel York in Atlanta

Russell Cox, President of San Francisco's Hotel York, announced this week that his company has just purchased its second hotel. The twelve-story brick building is on Peachtree Street in the Midtown area of Atlanta, directly across from the famous Fox Theatre. The hotel contains 140 rooms, full restaurant

facilities, and a cabaret. The property will be known as the Hotel York of Atlanta.

The building is currently undergoing a major restoration under the supervision of Stan Topol and Associates, designers, of Atlanta. Work on the hotel will be completed and the Grand Opening of

the Hotel York is scheduled for October 16. The restoration of the hotel will follow in the tradition of the San Francisco hotel. Both buildings, built in the early 20's, have architectural detail no longer duplicated today.

The Hotel York of Atlanta contains cabaret space below the lobby level, and Cox plans to bring national entertainment to Atlanta using a similar format to the popular Plush Room Cabaret, which won San Francisco's coveted "Cabaret of the Year" award. Many of the artists who have worked the San Francisco club — Eartha Kitt, Morgana King, Maxene Andrews, Charles Pierce, Ruth Hastings, Kaye Ballard — are being invited to perform at the Plush Room in Atlanta.

The area where the hotel is located in Atlanta, known as Midtown, is currently undergoing a tremendous resurgence in activity and popularity. The 4,500 seat art deco Fox Theatre is being restored, and the new Southern Bell Telephone Building, Atlanta's tallest office building, has just opened one block away. The Georgian Terrace Hotel and the Ponce de Leon Apartments, both Atlanta landmarks, a block from the Hotel York, have just changed hands and are scheduled for restoration by private developers. New shops and restaurants are also slated for fall openings in the Midtown area. The hotel is close by to Atlanta's number one Gay bar and disco, Back Street.

Tit for Tat

The March 15 issue of *Modern Medicine* had some news to delight transvestites. A team of Tennessee physicians reported that gynecostasia in males may be linked to vaginal estrogen creams used by their sexual partners. A 70-year-old male complaining of enlargement and sensitivity of his left breast had extensive laboratory studies which were inconclusive. The patient, however, did reveal that his wife had been using a cream containing 0.01% di-estrol for the past eight years and that the cream was used as a lubricant to facilitate intercourse two or three times a week. When the exposure to estrogen was ended, the gynecostasia disappeared within three months. Gynecostasia is defined as "any enlargement of the breasts of men which causes them to resemble the breasts of women. The condition in men is usually associated with a glandular disturbance; a deficiency of male sex gland material or an excess of female sex gland material."

Meanwhile, the *Amsterdam News* (a black newspaper in New York) tried to get the dubs on a black couple who had won a million dollar lottery. When reporter Ernie Johnson, Jr. telephoned winner Kaiema Harvey, he got more than he bargained for. "You want a scoop — I tell you what. If you want a scoop, I'll give you a scoop," boasted the winner. "I'll tell you something that no one else has... I'm a transsexual... You can't even tell, can you?" The February 14 headline on the paper was "Transsexual Wins A Million."

The Postman Swings Twice

Letters to the editor are a lively part of most Gay newspapers. But Boston's *Gay Community News* changed their "Community Voices" headline to "Community Vices" for their comedy issue and got these entertaining messages:

- How come you never do any articles on stuff that's useful in our daily lives? Like how about an article on Gay automatic coffee makers or something about how to get stains out of Gay influenced fashions? I bet you'd have more readers if you'd write stuff like that instead of all that garbage about senate bills and bars in cities I can't even go to. Sincerely, DONDI.

- Can a celibate virgin be Gay, too? I don't believe in sex, but I like everything else about homosexuality: the disco, the tight pants, the naked men photos in thin black frames, the quiche — especially the quiche. And if I can be Gay, what do I do to join? Do I have to sign anything? Do I get a badge or something?

- As a deaf, protestant, bisexual double amputee, I found your article on blind, Catholic Gay epileptics most offensive and discriminatory. Consider my free subscription cancelled.

- If God wanted us to be heterosexual she wouldn't have put all the girls together in one bathroom and all the boys in another!

Mainlining in Philadelphia Society

Hats off to *Philadelphia* magazine, which sampled seven city neighborhoods and caricatured them in their April issue. Categorizing each by typical dress, common authority figure, favorite drinks, vacation spots, etc., the cartoon spread in the April issue featured such types as "Urban Adventurer," "Fishtown Fundamental," and heading into the Gay ghetto, "Spruce Street Effete." *Gay News* describes the drawing as "a dizzy-looking queen dressed in a Lacoste shirt, jeans and construction boots and holding the leash of an Afghan." His vital data are as follows: His car is a taxi; his heroes are the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence; his religion is DCA and a Quaalude. Favorite

vacation spot is Fire Island. His life's dream is "a house-boy in the country." At least the boy has taste!

Meanwhile, Philadelphia's best-known transsexual, the former Richard Finocchio was married on April 4 in a civil ceremony. Her husband, a bread supplier to major restaurants in the city. Now known as Rachel, the once-famous Harlow's wedding gown was ripped off before the wedding, allowing her dressmaker just enough time to sew a replacement and ship it from New York. After the wedding reception for the straighter crowd, there was a separate party for the "street folk" and old friends from the Philadelphia "glitter set."

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NEZ PAS

TRIUMPHANT THRICE!

If you feel phrenetic and beatific this weekend, Sunday, July 19, make your movements to the macadam Madison and discover the denouement when avoidu-
pois Fred celebrates the THIRD anniversary of his Lake Lounge!

This is a good excuse for one and all to become besotted and scrofulous, all in the name of A REAL GOOD TIME!

All day this Sunday, the Lounge will be resounding with the din and ado of merry-making, with gobs of prizes and Fred's now famous fabulous buffet (NO charge for all you can eat, reader!).

It hardly seems possible that the time has flown so fast, in some ways; but on the other hand, Fred and his crew make one feel that his Lake Lounge has been a part of the scene for much longer.

For all the fun and festivities, there is only one place to be this Sunday, to lionize, laud, and applaud Fred for THREE GREAT YEARS! Sincerest wishes for many, many more!

At last, the secret can be revealed! A.C.I.E. Emperor II

Chuck presents the richness of an elaborate GYPSY FEAST, Saturday, August 1, at the Lake Merritt Hotel.

In privacy, your pleasures are provided for with lengthy banquet tables filled with prime rib, whole hams and turkeys, and an abundance of credible edibles. Liqueurs, wine and beer will be served by young men from the OPEN bar. Come in costume, as there will be a trophy awarded.

And guess what . . . LEAVE YOUR RETICULE AT HOME . . . ALL food and drink will be provided in limitless abundance. In the gypsy tradition, there will be dancing, drinking, and feasting all night long!

Doors will open at 6:30 pm and tickets are \$30 per person available from Chuck, at the Lake Merritt Hotel, or from Ed Paulson, at Big Mama's in Hayward.

That's the good news!

Now the bad news!

Attendance is limited to only 80 people, so get your tickets early. There will be advance sales only, NO tickets sold at the door! No personal

checks, please, and tickets will only be available until July 26. Even though this is the same weekend as the Gay Rodeo in Reno, there should be sufficient "gypsies" remaining here to make the event one long to be remembered!

This is a benefit for A.C.I.E. Coronation '81, and all donations are tax deductible.

FORTUITY

A bit in advance of the event, but tickets are now on sale at most bars in Alameda County for a BUSHEL OF BOOZE!

The winning ticket will be drawn the night of Ed Paulson's BIG benefit auction for A.C.I.E. on Sunday, August 23, at the Lake Merritt Hotel.

Tickets are only a buck each, and the winner does not have to be present to win. Come on! For only one dollar you have the chance to win a completely stocked home bar! Let's buy those tickets!

FELICITATIONS!

It was a "down to the wire," nail-biting tournament between the pool teams of Big Mama's and Revol. After a dead heat of eight games apiece, the best two-out-of-three playoff proved the undoing of Revol's men, as Big Mama's quintuplets surfaced victorious. A rematch is definitely in the works!

JOCOSENESS

Huffing and puffing from riding her 10-speed all over town, Fat Fairy announced to me that she is having an Imperial Ball (at THE hotel) on Sunday, August 16. It will feature a full buffet and a full orchestra, and will carry the theme "Mandolin Melodies." Watch for posters giving all details.

Oh, Cha Cha, FF wanted me to inform you that the reason she wasn't at your Closet Ball is because she was helping someone move!

POTPOURRI

Apologies to Big Al for any misinterpretation from my last column. I have since discovered that you were not the person to whom the item was addressed.

Watch for a "roasting" of Royalty in the near future.

Lady "D" informs me that the Oakland float account has a balance! That IS good news. She promised to give me a financial report as soon as all receipts are tallied.

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VOICE OF THE VALLEY

MARK FAGAN

... Haywardway

With Gay Pride Day the smashing success that was anticipated, we can start work on next year's float. Crowd estimates ranged from 100,000 to 200,000 to 300,000; it seems on Gay Pride Sunday in San Francisco nobody gets it straight. The Hayward float was be-decked with nearly 4000 balloons and 30 proud freedom fighting Haywarders respectfully displaying the honor of riding in the 12th annual Gay Freedom Day Parade.

We would like to welcome all to experience a day in Hayward. You know they all say there's a good time where they are, but you haven't had a good time like you'll have in Hayward. For instance, at the Turf Club Wednesdays and Sundays are Beer Days with pitchers only a buck twenty-five or by the jug or glass. With inflation hitting hard everywhere, we thank Jack and Jim and Frumpy for keeping those booze prices within reach.

But that's not all Frump keeps us all busy with — we relish events like his July 4 barbecue on July 5. We're still chewing Roloids. All kidding aside, thanx for another Funday.

Big Mama showed up at the parade with a trunkload of Bud to cool those heavy thirsts. While we're talking about Big Mama's: The finishing touches are now in place after last winter's fire, and the place never looked better. Mama's hosted the first annual Interbar Pool Tourney. Congratulations to the winners from Big Mama's — B.J. Burnette, Danny (the bartender) Rodriguez, Tiny Brost, Furgie Furgeson, and Jackie. Jim H., the manager, informs us that starting on the 13th their doors will be open at 10am daily. It was hard enough to work with just one bar open at 10am, but now both — jeez. Also, if you've got a sweet tooth to satisfy,

you can do so every Wednesday at Mama's for just 75 cents a shot for Schnapps.

The Turf and Mama's alternate weekly pool tourneys every Sunday with cash and prizes going to the winners. July 14 was Bastille Day and, as usual, the Turf couldn't pass up an opportunity to celebrate something, so a champagne party with two bands was scheduled.

I was reading one of Mama's ads to learn that Donna and Paula's western hoedown anniversary party will begin at 3:05pm and western music commencing at 5:07pm; there will be an old-fashioned western potluck buffet.

Before I forget, elections for Hayward's 4th Gay Sheriff are July 24, with voting from 2-4 at Big Mama's and from 4-6 at the Turf. For after-election festivities info, call the Turf or Big Mama's. Should be a tight race this year with Turf's manager Frumpy competing against Sean Curtis, David Lopez, and Lynn Fernandez. Let's have a large turnout this year so we don't have any more mistakes.

★ ★ ★

I would like to thank editor Paul Lorch and the Bay Area Reporter for the opportunity to share Hayward news with B.A.R. readers. Look in future issues for interviews with prominent people in the community as well as information on events, etc. We welcome visitors from San Francisco and the entire Bay Area. Here's how you get here by car: Take 580 south to the Hayward Foothill Blvd. exit, then south to B Street right to Mission. Look for the Grutman's store and park. By BART: Get off at Hayward exit and walk to Grutman's. Mama's is right next door.

★ ★ ★

There will be lots more ahead, so keep looking Haywardway. It's going to be the HOT spot this summer. ■

3rd Anniversary For Lake Lounge

The Lake Lounge, 1591 Madison in Oakland, will celebrate its 3rd Anniversary Sunday, July 19, with an all day party. At 8pm there will be entertainment and hors d'oeuvres will be served. Notables will include Tony Valentine, and Lady Toni of Hayward. For more information, call 893-9454.

SUNTAN CLINIC

Blessings on thee, little man. Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan Turning, cautious; on the watch For that palomino crotch. To be sure, it's not astounding That the tanning precludes browsing.

— by Woolly

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Grace Jones Tears Up Marine World



Grace Jones arrives on a raft to set on fire her suburban audience. (Photo by Rink)



(Photo by Rink)

by Konstantin Berlandt

A sweet-looking young man in black leather jacket she pulled out of the audience by his shoulders and made him kneel on stage while she simulated sodomizing him. It was Grace Jones at "Gay Night at Marine World." He looked shy, almost embarrassed, while she stood behind him mocking orgasm and the audience screamed enthusiastically. It was a momentary exorcism of the park. Later she swan-dove into the audience, instructing them first to hold out their hands for her.

Bengal tigers and water ballerinas notwithstanding, Marine World was invaded Saturday night by a couple thousand Gays and friends to see Grace Jones spit on the illusions of plastic diversion in the midst of her own illusion.

"... See the melting steel, feel the steering wheel..."

Following a water ski show, Cinerama circa 1955, Grace Jones appeared from out of the blue spotlight on a float across the water, Frankenstein's monster, circa 1981. In a grey wool suit with shoulders broad enough to have gotten Boris Karloff through a late 40's Selective Service exam, her head snapping first one direction and then another as if programmed by a maniacal computer against her nature, it took her only the words, "Feeling like a woman, looking like a man..." to put her audience at rest, arresting the plastic vibes in this rented park.

The gala — billed as "Gay Night at Marine World-Africa USA" for \$25 a hit — was a chance to feel what it would be like to live a completely suburban life in an All Gay World!

For some of us who came from the city and suffer culture shock, the moment we take a freeway exit on the Peninsula, there was a sudden terror that we should have stopped at Macy's on the Stanford Shopping Mall first in order to camouflage with the environment.

Even to the live vocal of Denise Williams, the dancers on the concrete quad doing the bump in ecstatic animation could not convince this cynical city eye they were actually having fun.

Perhaps if you live in an all-straight environment most of your days and nights — a place like San Jose where being Gay is rough — then dancing under the stars in a heretofore similarly all-too straight permeated environment may have been the thrill of a lifetime.

But even the announcer at the ski show had trouble with the culture conflict, his knowledge of his all-Gay audience seemingly based upon straight jokes he'd heard in the Army. A break in his hour of trying, unclipped by the talent on the water, came when he introduced a stunningly handsome ski boat driver and asked if there were anything out there in the audience he might like. "That section over there," the young man smiled probably broader than Marine World has seen from him all year.

Male-female couples in ballet lifts on skis were introduced as "our heterosexual dancers," but even the Bengal tiger running up and down the beach with its trainer looked tired and bored with its only trick knocking over the trainer and leaving him lying in the sand unmolested.

The star performer, however, even with mike difficulty had no trouble disconnecting the disconcerting pall of family-hour television entertainment. By her second

number, "Warm Leatherette," Grace Jones was knocking the brass symbols right off the stands, and audibly told stage hands trying to repair the damage to "fuck off."

She seemed, in a word, angry! Probably inspired by the antiseptic congeniality of the setting and static from her microphone. In a red outfit that had shrouded sand people in an early scene from *Star Wars*, she sang "Love Is The Drug." She screamed at the audience in another number that now was their turn to get down on their knees and beg — "Get down! Get down! Get down! Get down!" Her commands became increasingly hysterical and psychotic, the lust of power at last and finally secured in the hands of someone historically powerless.

She sang "La Vie en Rose" like the Little Sparrow as if a Nazi aerial raid on Paris was in progress.

And back in her man's suit, she pulled a warm leatherette up out of the audience and on his knees humped him from behind, then suddenly swivelled his face into her crotch for more. The audience raved... Africa, USA. Jones called for something to drink, and someone passed her what looked like red wine as she took a gulp, forever *Vogue*, and spit it back at the audience like King Kong caged.

\$25 to be spit on," one black woman in the audience said afterwards. "She was deep." Flinging beer and rage, there wasn't a dry eye in the first few rows, as she urged, "Pull up to the Bumper, baby, in your long black limousine... slip in between..."

If talent can be calibrated, she gave her audience their money's worth. Said one Jones fan who had seen her in San Francisco, L.A. and New York, she had never been better. But one apparently straight woman after, "25 bucks and I didn't even get a blow job."

After the concert the staff was again out in force with their walkie-talkies investigating the shadows in the mostly closed park, making sure no one was back there in these still too pseudo-African bushes taking too literally "Gay Night at Marine World." By 1am the parking lot was emptied, some queens loaded on a chartered bus back to the city where for another \$7 they could catch Jones' second set at Trocadero.

Feeling
like a woman
Looking
like a man



Grace Jones reaches into the crowd to pull a man — by his hair — up onto the stage. (Photo by Rink)

Funds Severely Cut

Pacific Center Crisis

by Allen White

The Pacific Center for Human Growth in Berkeley now faces a funding crisis which may destroy the center as it is now known.

Because of Federal government cutbacks, they have already lost their CETA funding which last year amounted to \$18,000. In their 1980-81 budget they received \$28,500 from the City of Berkeley which is almost certain to be reduced. The Center's staff and supporters are now in a massive community effort to hold their funding from the County of Alameda which amounts to \$30,000.

At this time two of the five Alameda County Supervisors have voted to support the Center. Two are against, and one has not been in attendance to vote at the last few sessions. All five of the Supervisors are expected to be present at the July 28 meeting of the Alameda County Board of Supervisors at which time they will vote on funding. The one Supervisor who has not voted, Fred Cooper, is considered to be on the fence and could vote either way on the funding contract with the county. Another Supervisor, Don Excell, voted against the funding the first time around, but there is reason to believe he could possibly change his vote.

The Pacific Center presents a strong case for funding. Their strongest point is their volunteers. Each month almost 200 volunteers give (at no cost) 1300 hours of mental health services as peer counselors, support group and group counseling lead-

ers, crisis and information switchboard staff, and educational outreach workers. The value of these services is estimated by the Center to be worth over \$300,000 per year. Pacific Center volunteers, in other words, match the \$30,000 county funds 10 to 1.

Mental health costs are measured in unit cost figures. As a comparison, Pacific Center provides its services at between \$3.80 and \$4.80 per unit. The Alameda County Mental Health Administration estimates that their unit cost ranges from \$40 to \$60. What Pacific Center provides is a bargain in terms of cost effectiveness for the people of Alameda County.

One Supervisor who is voting for the funding of Pacific Center is John George. In discussing the Center, the Supervisor was firm in his commitment to the Center. He noted that the services are very much needed at this time in Alameda County. He also pointed out that there are an estimated 100,000 Gay men and Lesbians living in the county, and he emphasized, "Gays pay taxes just like anybody else. They deserve the services of Pacific Center." He also noted that the Pacific Center serves Alameda County, but it also serves and is respected by people throughout Northern California. Supervisor George further commented, "We should be glad we have something like the Pacific Center to support." He also is aware that Pacific Center serves all of Alameda County with people utilizing the facilities who live in Livermore, Fremont, Ala-



Pacific Center food, drink and information table at East Bay Gay Day. The day ended in two of the table's volunteers being attacked by thugs. (Photo by Rink)

meda, and Oakland, as well as Berkeley where it is located.

The track record of Pacific Center is indeed outstanding. They have counseled literally tens of thousands of people since the Center has been established. They were a strong force in the passage of the Berkeley Gay rights ordinance. They organize the East Bay Gay Day in Berkeley and they started the Gay switchboard. The switchboard processes over 14,000 calls a year.

In discussing the possibility of losing their funding, spokespersons at Pacific Center point out the crisis that exists. Their budget in 1980-81 was \$143,744. These cuts, many which have already taken place, would almost cut in half the operating budget for the Pacific Center for Human Growth. They are alarmed and they need help. They particularly need help from those who live in Alameda County. It was pointed out that this is one time when the

Gay and Lesbian community of Alameda County can join together for a cause of primary importance.

The telephone number at The Pacific Center for Human Growth in Berkeley is 548-8283. At this point in time, they don't need money as

much as they need the support of Alameda County residents. The Alameda County Board of Supervisors will meet on July 28, and any person who would like to participate or obtain further information has been encouraged by the Center to give them a call.



Pacific Center is advertised as the Temescal Chorus performs at East Bay Gay Day. The Center has been frantically drumming up support in the East Bay to appeal to the Alameda County Supervisors. (Photo by Rink)

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Cornering the Market

Readers of the *New York Times* recently saw a full-page ad from the *Advocate*, aimed at potential advertisers and subscribers who were not aware of the economic lure of the Gay market. Boston's *Gay Community News* has followed suit with a similar ad in their own paper's comedy issue, headlined "Why would the *Gay Community News*

take out this \$225 ad on our own back cover?"

Their answers are short and simple, if a bit tart. "There's an enormous amount of money in the Gay market and not all of that market is reached by THE *ADVOCATE*," boasts GCN. In contrast to the high-income profiles drawn of the *Advocate's* editor and publisher in the ad in the *N.Y. Times*, GCN boasts that its news editor, Denise Sudell "has an annual household income of \$5200 (before taxes), borrowed dozens of books last year, consumed \$50 in groceries a month, spent \$30 on thrift shop clothes, ate out on the money she should have used to buy the 4 or 5 city newspapers she reads every day, and made a weekend trip to her home town, Philadelphia. Her education will be continued at Northeastern University's Law School if financial aid comes through. She rides a bicycle to work, listens to records and spends a lot of time doing silly things with another woman."

GCN's design director, Rob Schmieder was profiled as shopping at "Filene's Basement, Goodwill, The Salvation Army and local thrift and rummage sales. He makes weekend trips to New York when he can afford Amtrak."

To make matters clear, GCN boasted, "The average GCN reader is anything but average. Unlike readers of most 'gay' publications, the GCN reader is as likely to be a lesbian as a gay male. She or he may not be as affluent as the *ADVOCATE* reader, but the GCN reader is extremely active within the gay community, has a high political consciousness, and is very concerned that her or his income not feed the fascist economy."

Maybe that's why we don't see GCN on sale in Bloomingdale's. And to add insult to injury, the *Advocate* has confirmed reports that they recently were informed by the White House that the Executive offices would appreciate being deleted from their mailing list. The *Gay* newsmagazine has been routinely delivered to Pennsylvania Avenue for several years. And if the "letter" purportedly signed by Nancy Reagan which appeared in *Gay Comedy News* is any indication, there would be strong sentiment against the *Advocate's* pink section in the oval room:

"Just because a boy is a ballet dancer is no reason to accuse him of doing dirty things in alleys with other boys. Take my son, for example — he's a dancer but he still has hair on his chest and watches baseball and he even married wha's-her-name."

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Gay Pride In Musical Stages

Choruses Soar, Band Sinks

by George Heymont

This year's Gay pride celebrations around the United States marked the first time in the nation's history that attention was focused on the concert hall as an arena of expressing one's talent as a part of the greater Gay community. In addition to the national tour of the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus, the New York City Gay Men's Chorus made its Lincoln Center debut with two concerts at Alice Tully Hall, garnering some handsome praise from the *New York Times*.

In San Francisco there were concerts by the strongest of the various music groups in town; the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus sharing the bill with the San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Men's Community Chorus in a big blowout at Davies Hall, and on a smaller scale, the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps in a Jon Sims extravaganza, "Flight of Fancy" at Nourse Auditorium.

The Davies Hall concert was the stronger of the two, for musical as well as emotional and political reasons. Mayor Feinstein welcomed the Gay Men's Chorus back to town and presented Dick Kramer with the key to San Francisco (a first in the history of the Gay movement). As Feinstein read excerpts of rave reviews from *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times*, and the *Minneapolis Tribune*, she turned to the audience and added, "Anita Bryant, read this and weep." After the show Valerie Harper told members of the chorus, "You're doing very important work — not just for this city or for the Gay community, but for this planet." And indeed, the SFGMC scored strongly at Davies Hall with excerpts from their national tour and a stunning encore of the Pilgrims' Chorus from Wagner's *Tannhauser*.

As usual, the crowning event of the evening was Randall Thompson's *Testament of Freedom*, performed in full with the chorus accompanied by members of the Berkeley Symphony Orchestra. Heard at the height of the Gay pride celebrations, Thompson's work (with text by Thomas Jefferson) left many in the audience in tears; both deeply affected by the music and conscious that they have been able to hear the music performed in a major symphony hall in their lifetimes by openly Gay musicians.

Under the circumstances, the Lesbian and Gay Men's Community Chorus had a good deal of wind taken out of their sails. They scored strongly with "Somewhere"

from *West Side Story* and when they sang in tandem with the Gay Men's Chorus in Dreschenmeier's "Gloria in excelsis Deo" and Chajes "Song of Galilee." But on their own, the chorus faltered during Kodaly's "Budaveri Te Deum" and struggled through excerpts from Scott Joplin's *Treemonisha*.

At this point it is important for people to reflect on the growth of our Gay musical community groups. Now that the novelty has worn off, we must assess such factors as musicianship, sound, stage presence and the like. What becomes noticeable is the quality of leadership which has aided the maturity of these groups. That the Gay Men's Chorus has pulled so far ahead of the other groups is a result of intense devotion by its members, and a stern vision on the part of Dick Kramer, their conductor. Kramer not only knows the sound he wants to produce, but will work his people hard to get that sound. His choice of repertoire shows off his singers to their best advantage (a lesson not yet learned by Robin Kay in her choices for



Dick Kramer leads the Gay Men's Chorus in an earlier appearance.



The Gay Chorus relaxes backstage with TV star Valerie Harper and mother. (Photo by David Lamm)

the Lesbian and Gay Men's Community Chorus). Kay's ensemble is still in its growing stages and adding more polish. When they achieve more discipline, better diction and a more polished sound, they will be an interesting musical force.

★ ★ ★

Alas, the "Flight of Fancy" concert crash-landed shortly after take-off and never recovered. A poorly-managed concert, "Flight of Fancy" refused to rise above the level of a volunteer show for the Paramus PTA. I find it hard to fault the individual musicians who contributed their time and effort to the show. I think

the blame for the sorry mess falls entirely on the shoulders of Jon Sims, whose talent and musicianship pall in comparison to the growth of the other musical groups in our community. We all owe a tremendous debt to Sims for getting the entire concept of openly Gay musical groups off the ground, but it seems as if the child has far outgrown its creator.

Sims' insistence on performing inside concert halls (where the acoustics and attention of a disciplined audience rather than a cheering crowd expose every weakness of his band) boggles the

(Continued on next page)

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Cabaret: BLOOLIPS Perfectly Luna-tic

by John F. Karr

It was not particularly surprising that I found Bloolips, the English drag troupe now performing a science-fiction musical called *Lust in Space* at the Boarding House, thoroughly delightful. After all, they arrived in San Francisco with mountains of ecstatic reviews for their New York performances. The *New York Times* raved, and they even won an "Obie," the off-Broadway Tony, for Best Costumes. But I rubbed my hands together in wicked glee: How would such a troupe fare in San Francisco, the home of the Cockettes, who had been soundly trashed by New York critics many years ago? Obviously, New York just wasn't ready for that sort of thing back then. I could see New York finally catching up with themselves by over-praising Bloolips. After all, how good can they be? Won't they seem old-fashioned out here?

The answers were many and varied. No, they are definitely not old-fashioned. It seems whimsy and a rollicking production number never go out of date. And just how good can they be? Well,

how's "very" for an exact amount.

Bloolips consists of six slightly lunatic gentlemen, and it's difficult to single out individuals among them, each has such a strong identity. Precious Pearl has a daffy cross-eyed look and a Lucille Ball knack for hysteria, and Gretel Feather is deliciously droll impersonating Miss Havisham. Lavinia Co-op displays a repose among this madness that is laugh-provoking itself and Diva Dan is just too "ingenue." Bossy Bette is the evening's lead, so to speak, and in English Music Hall tradition is by turns a comedian, a tragedian, a raconteur and night club chanteuse. Midway in the second act, Bette gets her solo turn. Basking in bastard amber glow, Bette offers a beer-swilling ode to a drunken dedication to her "art" — the theater. It's pure ham, and suavely performed. Then she sings her big number, an eye-opener called "Androgeny," and the shock of recognition sets in. For no matter how lunatic, how frothy and unpredictably silly *Lust in Space* can be, it has a



Precious Pearl in a dilemma in Bloolips' *LUST IN SPACE* now at the Boarding House.

word or two for us seriously, and manages to slip it in, entertainingly.

This was the only way in which Bloolips can ultimately be compared to the Cockettes. Where the Cockettes were anarchy, Bloolips preaches anarchy. They are professional, talented, and even sincere men, who have something to say and have packaged that news in a wacked-out musical.

Just how wacky? In a sentence or two, the plot runs something like this. Bloolips all work in the Queen's Royal Laundry, and when she asks them to go to the moon, "for England," they can hardly refuse. Don't ask why the Queen's laundresses should all be in drag, or what the

D.O.G. (Dear Old Girl) needs with the moon, just laugh. Disguised as cheeses, they try to look inconspicuous on the moon, but get bonged by the giant computer which dominates that orb and forces all to conform to society's standards. They return as Temptations to lure Bette into conformity, but are saved, of course, in the end. Along the way there are several hot tap routines, a troupe of Russian cossack dancers — on the moon, yes — a space ballet and other zany wonders.

Although the numbers are sheer socko, the dialogue conforms to music hall standards, and is a bit slow. But in typically English fashion, it's droll as can be and the jokes often have a hidden wallop. A nod goes to Gilbert & Sulli-



Bossy Bette, twined between her sisters' legs, reclines on the moon to intune, "Before Androgeny, I was lonesome."

van in a dialogue that confuses "cheeses" for "Jesus" and here's a big hand for the glamorous finale. Bette may not be the great beauty John Rothermel was, but he can ride a silver crescent moon onstage with the panache that provides a real thrill and a

smash ending.

So I had to dispose of my pre-set prejudice about Bloolips invading any memories of the Cockettes. Those of you who fondly remember the Cockettes should see Bloolips, and those of you who don't, should also. These men are hysterically funny, extremely talented, and ultimately touching. Bloolips is one of those unique theater experiences that cannot be duplicated. Go soon, because in another week they're off . . . probably to the moon!

Novelist Felice Picano Next on "Gay Life"

Felice Picano will discuss his fourth novel, "*Late in the Season*," on "The Gay Life" on KSAN, 95FM, on Sunday, July 19, at 11pm. "*Late in the Season*" concerns the accidental but emotionally deep involvement of a Gay man in his late thirties with the teenaged girl at the next-door beach house as the season closes in a posh, East Coast, dune-beach, resort community.

Scott Anderson of *The Advocate* and a representative of the FrontRunners Gay jogging group will also appear on the show to tell of plans for the July 26, A.A.U.-sanctioned footrace, Gay Run '81.

Gay Chorus & Band

(Continued from Page 19)

mind. The Marching Band and Twirling Corps serve a valuable function in the streets, which is their natural element. They add an electric thrill to parades and various outdoor celebrations. But within a concert hall one becomes painfully aware that Sims cannot get his musicians to come in on the same beat and that he knows two shades of musical coloring: loud and loud. His insistence on using his own arrangements of works like Stravinsky's *Firebird* or Wagner's *Ring* have forced the unpleasant realization that the band does not perform well without strings and that Sims' limited horizons might, indeed, be holding back his musicians. I have no intention of crucifying Jon Sims. I'm just tired of hearing Sims crucify good music.

Also appearing on the program was the Twirling Corps, the Guard, the Tap Troupe, and Will Cooper as a solo vocalist. But the entire show (accompanied by the most pretentious program notes in years) provided a sad twist of irony to the week's festivities. While the Gay Men's Chorus has surged forward in polish, musicianship and prominence, the Band seems to be sliding backwards. One's heart goes out to those musicians in the band who are donating their time and giving their all. Alas, their efforts are not being shaped well by their leader, resulting in a sorry presentation which they probably do not deserve.

George Heymont

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Stage: Surf's Up! Beach Blanket Babylon Goes to the Beach

by Mark Topkin

Without jeopardizing the integrity of *Beach Blanket Babylon Goes to the Stars* — which six or seven San Franciscans and a whole summerload of tourists have yet to see — Steve Silver has, instead, added to what is already certified madness by moving *Beach Blanket* from North Beach to his own beach in California Hall at Polk and Turk. To be sure it was done right, Silver ordered his own sand, his own hunky life-guardians and a whole surf city motif to surround Snow White's Southern California search for a prince. From the first cry of "Surf's up!" as the doors to the hall swing open, Silver's beach fantasy grabs its audience and transports it back to those carefree days when Annette Funicello was everyone's Pineapple Princess and life's only concern, as Connie Francis sobbed, was the never-ending search for where the boys are.

The new summer ambience merely adds an addi-

tional air of abandon to the proceedings, and after the twisting and jerking in the sandy aisles is subdued and the munching of hot dogs and sodas has ceased, the show shifts its focus to the stage and the ninety-minute romp takes off on a nonstop flurry of musical and visual puns and parodies as Snow White (a liberated chick into costumes and fantasies) invades Tinseltown in search of true love.

There is no way to describe *Beach Blanket Babylon* to someone who has never seen it. (Can you describe an orgasm to someone who has never had one?) Those who have seen it know the joy, mouth the punchlines along with the cast, and await the new material. Surprises this time around include the Marx Brothers heralding Evita with "Don't Cry for Me Argentina" as Ms. Peron herself bursts forth with "They're Playing My Song." The audience loses it completely when a



BEACH BLANKET BABYLON GOES TO THE STARS... AND THE BEACH! wows B.A.R. critic Mark Topkin. "Shining star" Val Diamond glitters in the company of John Bush.

pupille Orphan Annie stumbles around while the cast sings "Tomorrow" and falls flat on her face to Peter Allen's "Quiet Please, There's a Lady on the Stage."

The entire cast of *BBB* is superb, but there is no doubt these days that Val Diamond is its shining star. Her renditions of "City Lights," "Cornet Man" and "There's No Business Like Show Business" are unparalleled show-stoppers. Val is a star on the ascendant and must be seen before some big producer whisks her off to New York or Hollywood.

Indeed several "big names" (e.g. Alan Carr) were in attendance at last Thursday's big Seventh Anniversary Show which also featured an appearance by Annette Funicello herself who, with accompaniment from the Cal Marching Band, led the audience in singing the Mickey Mouse Club theme song.

Beach Blanket Babylon Goes to the Stars — and *The Beach* requests that you attend performances appropriately attired in beachwear. This special edition of Steve Silver's San Francisco treat runs through August 2. For information and reservations call 421-4222. If you haven't seen it, you haven't seen San Francisco.

Cabaret:

EARTHA KITT

Huge Talent, Spreading Thin

by John F. Karr

Eartha Kitt is being really unfair to reviewers in her current stint at the Plush Room. She is, as usual, magnetic, amazing, slightly shocking, and momentarily tawdry. In short, she's as mesmerizing as she's always been. But how can I give her the unqualified rave I've written for her last three visits, when she is still doing exactly the same show?

When Eartha played the Mocambo some years ago, she had been absent from the performing scene for a long while. Her act then was a brilliant expose of her patented 50's sex kitten routine, in which she revealed not only her own feminist attitudes, but proved educational as well. Imagine a thoroughly entertaining nightclub act that was slightly didactic. Eartha's

tongue was firmly in cheek on this "woman-as-sex-symbol" biz. And her autobiographical numbers, especially a made-over version of Eric Carmen's "All By Myself," which brought cold shivers of recognition to many and actual tears to not a few, were capsules that few singing actresses could equal.

Well, four years and three engagements at the Plush Room later, Eartha's still doing the same act. Except she seems to have grown weary of it. We are offered capsule versions of each number. The intensity of performance and intentions is not as focused and etched as before, and some of the introductory business is rushed through or skipped altogether. Still, her tongue is

amazing. Given the extreme stylization within she works, one would think that she's gobble up new material so that repetitions would not expose that technique at work. The repetition has diluted her effectiveness, so that even the electric, nearly frenzied audience response has dimmed to mere appreciation.

But I'm carping from a connoisseur's viewpoint, having seen her repeatedly. Her act is a thrilling celebration of her unique personality, and if you've never seen her, she will dazzle you.

Mexico Slide Show

A slide show of Mexico's homosexual movement will be held Thursday, July 23, at the Women's Building.

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Operetta: HMS Pinafore Sails the Seas Again

by George Heymont

The Lamplighters deserve a mighty hand for their new production of Gilbert & Sullivan's H.M.S. PINAFORE. Resisting the urge to merely go through the motions of performing the all-too-familiar work, under Lindi Bauman's stage direction the Lamps have done an intense study of the piece and emerged triumphantly with the freshest production of PINAFORE to be seen in many a year.

The irony here is that Joe Papp's highly publicized reworking of PIRATES OF PENZANCE looks like a rather cheap turd in comparison. The Papp production reorchestrated the score to PIRATES, jived up the staging with a fresh set of stereotypes and television-style jumping around, and proceeded to strip the work completely of its charm and wit. The Lamps, however, went back to the score and text and took a good look at what was missing. Very often Gilbert & Sullivan's operettas are performed by rote, with little attention to character motivation or the honest emotions behind Sullivan's music. The Lamplighters managed to "rediscover" every bit of that

truth, charm and innocence. What a delightful accomplishment!

This production of PINAFORE boasts a spanky-clean set by Richard Battle which neatly serves the action aboardship. John Gilkerson's

lavish costumes are a delightful change from the prim, well-worn frocks seen in most productions. Josephine's gowns, in particular, are a triumph of character insight and design. The only costume which didn't sit well was Little Buttercup's (an odd choice for the bumboat woman).

The cast did a spectacular job. Laurel Rice has joined the company as one of their ingenues. Her Josephine was exquisitely sung, well-acted, and performed with far greater stage presence than one



Dick Deadeye (Norman Roberts) disagrees with the plans of Josephine (Lenore Turner) and Ralph Rackstraw (Robert Wood) to elope at midnight in The Lamplighters' new production of H.M.S. PINAFORE which will be videotaped for KQED.



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Stage: Sam Shepard Duo: SEDUCED and THE UNSEEN HAND

Eureka and Magic Mount Shepard Plays

by Mark Topkin

The successful run of *True West* has spurred premieres of other Sam Shepard works by both the Magic and Eureka Theatres. The Magic, which each season presents at least one play by Shepard, has chosen *Seduced*, Shepard's own vision of the last days of Howard Hughes. The Eureka Theatre has mounted *The Unseen Hand*, a melange of science-fiction, comedy and Americana. Both plays are wildly imaginative but certainly lack the structure and cohesiveness that made *True West* so palatable and popular to large audiences. Still, they are not without their moments of the snappy dialogue and inventive theatrics that consistently draw attention to Shepard's plays.

Seduced takes place, it seems — so much of Shepard seems rather than is — in Mexico. Henry M. Hackamore, aged, decayed, obsessed, and reclusive except for his manservant, Raul, awaits the arrival of two lovely women who populated his past. He does with the women what he does with Raul, and what he has done with the world: he makes them extensions of himself. He uses them as additional sense organs through which he can experience life. Hackamore's (Hughes's) money and enigmatic, eccentric behavior have made him alluring, and even in his decrepit state people are willing to do his biddings, absurd as they may be. Even when Raul rebels against his servitude and threatens Hackamore's life, the millionaire recluse laughs, knowing that he has already

Seduced into the plus column.

The Unseen Hand suffers from a slow start, but once it gets moving it offers some wonderful theatrical fireworks. The story is set under a freeway off-ramp in Azusa, California, a real town outside of L.A. whose slogan is "Everything from A to Z in the USA." There lives Blue Morphan, an aged alcoholic, the only remnant of the infamous Morphan Brothers who terrorized the West in the late 1800's. His hermitlike existence is interrupted one day by the appearance of Willie, a baboon man from the planet Gono in another galaxy who not only seeks Blue's help in rescuing his people from subjugation by the High Commission and the power of the Unseen Hand, but who also resurrects Blue's brothers, Cisco and Sycamore, to aid in



The cast from Eureka Theatre Company's production of Sam Shepard's *THE UNSEEN HAND*: (L to R) Julian Lopez Morillas, David Parr and Robert Ernst.

created an image of himself that will keep him alive forever in the minds of the world; he cannot be destroyed.

There are many problems with *Seduced*. Most of the time it lacks clarity of purpose. The question that arose for me periodically was: What am I getting from this? The answer to this need not be in terms of a meaningful message or profound insight; the play can certainly have sheer entertainment value in the form of unique situations, clever interactions, visual spectacles, etc. There are too many segments of *Seduced* that are lacking in any of these means of commanding attention. The fault falls partly on Shepard, partly on director Michelle Perry Swenson, and partly on Robert Elross whose characterization of Hackamore is just short of the necessary assurance the part requires.

Still, Dennis Ludlow as Raul and Francine Lembi and Kathy Baker as the women are engaging, and there is enough substance in the second act to ultimately carry

the rebellion.

If there is a message in *The Unseen Hand* it escapes me, and the lack of a coherent point of view is a weakness of the play; but the theatrical inventiveness more than compensates for this, and turns the evening into a plain old good time.

Most responsible for this good time are Terry Hunter and Stephen Weinstock whose sound designs and original score are superb production highlights, as are the lighting designs by Kurt Landisman and Rhonda Birnbaum and set by Joe Eis and Lisa Shaffel. In fact, the physical production all but overshadows the performances, which are delightful characterizations under the direction of Richard E. T. White.

The Unseen Hand runs through August 22 at the Eureka Theatre, Market at 16th. Call 863-7133 for reservations.

Seduced runs through August 9 at the Magic Theatre, Fort Mason. Their reservation number is 441-8822.

usually associates with the role. Maureen McCabe was a sturdy Buttercup (although one can't help but feel a little cheated when Buttercup does not fill the stereotype of a huge contralto built along standard G&S proportions).

John Ziaja managed to find more human touches in the character of Captain Corcoran than I've ever seen — a refreshing change. Norman Roberts practically walked off with the show as Dick Deadeye. Roberts deserves extra credit for turning Deadeye as close as possible to a sympathetic character — something rarely seen in PINAFORE.

Eric Morris was a likable, ardent Ralph Rackstraw. Gilkerson's visual picture of Sir Joseph Porter was a departure from the usual costuming, but John Vlahos delivered a sturdy performance, along with his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. Most of Lindi Bauman's stage direction was superb, although there were times when the contrast between such fine character development and the necessary clean traffic patterns became a bit strained.

A delightful evening, and certainly one of the Lamplighters' most shining triumphs.

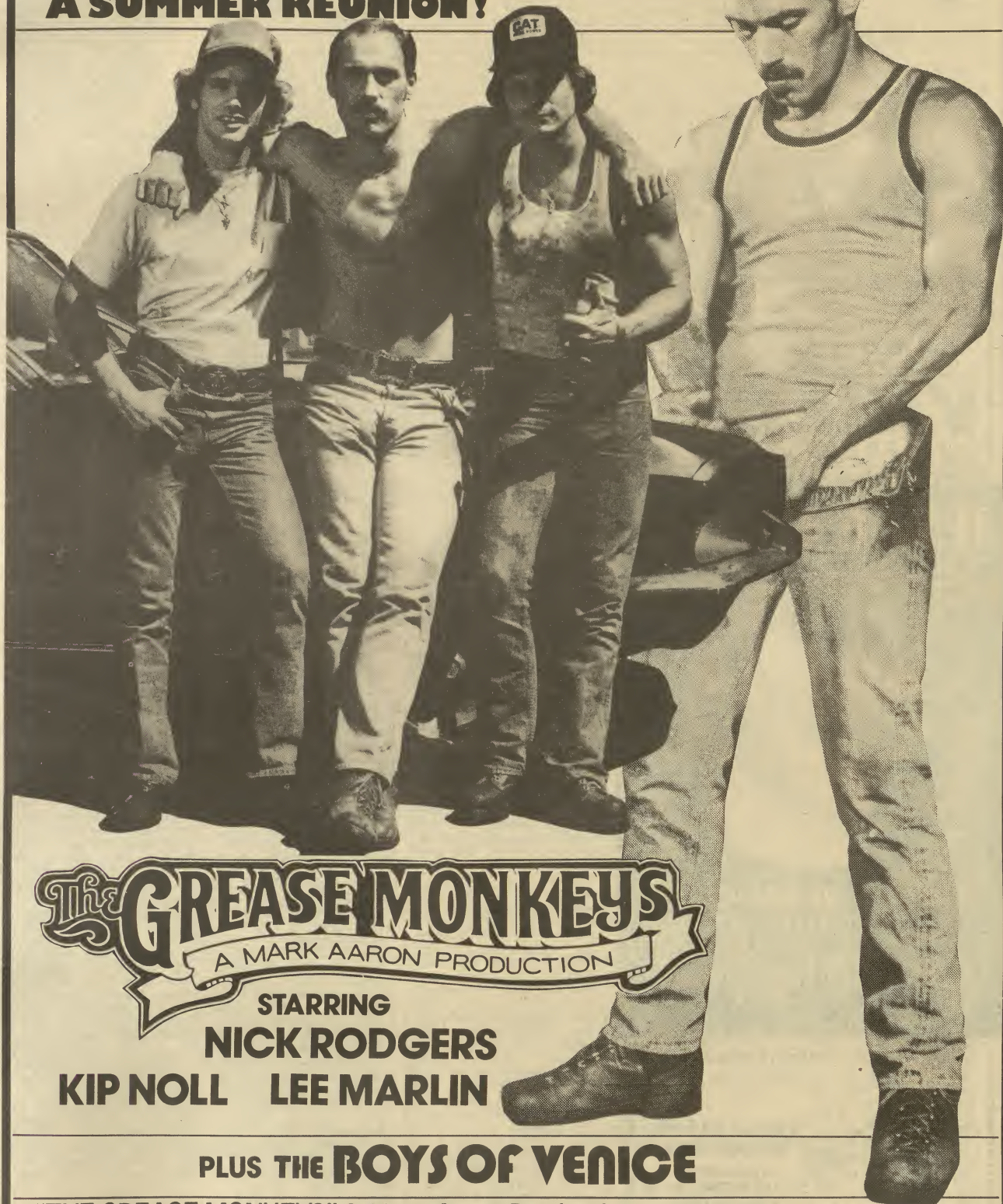
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Stage: SUPERSTITIONS

From Behind A Pseudonym —
Sam Shepard Speaks

by Dan Turner

The Intersection at 756 Union Street has been the home of avant garde or, as they are more frequently referred to today — new directions, events and performance pieces, for several years. It has been renovated and has taken the leap from ex-church/coffee house to chic gallery and theater space. The poor artist's haven has come up in the world, and it is not longer shoddy to be read-

ing poetry or acting in an unusual play.

Groups from other countries, and seasons of eccentric entertainment have been scheduled; and the Intersection program of events reads like a who's who in new theater. *Superstitions* is a selection of poetic sketches with music, movement, voice, and sound. Each of these elements is given its due and has meaning unto itself.

The mysterious writer, Walker Hayes, who is said to have attended the University of Oklahoma, and is currently living in Texas with his mother, is purported to be the celebrated playwright Sam Shepard, living in Marin. Hayes is undoubtedly a pseudonym for this Pulitzer Prize fellow, and the reason for anonymity is understandable. Winners of prizes are either regarded as old fogies or revered with saintly esteem — neither one befitting a consistently creative culture-slinger like Sam.

The point is not who wrote the piece, but the piece itself. This is no cake-bake or chili contest, but we are interested in how it tastes. The author, who is also the lean, quiet actor in *Days of Heaven* and the preacher's son in *Resurrection*, reveals his thoughts and personal idiosyncrasies in short, humorous, insightful mind splashes. These are like diary entries. They are personal and are revelations of what many have always wanted to know: Sam Shepard's own thoughts — you see, he is such a quiet person when you meet him, you're forced to go to his plays to know the man, and *Superstitions* is the service entrance of his brain.

His wife, O-Lan Shepard and Mark Petrakis are the voices of this mind made flesh. Catherine Stone plays the piano, drums, and knocks various noisy things over on the floor to create effects and punctuate the borrowed moments. The tone of the piece is rural, cowboy, and western. It is easy-going, relaxed and tongue-in-cheek; observant, straight-from-the-hip, and probing. You like this omniscient narrator played by two actors and a musician. There is something warm and cozy about him. He is human and reveals his fears and shortcomings. Affection is miles away. The character is able to exist apart from the format of the production. So often, the humanity of an avant garde piece is lost in the sound and fury of novelty.

After one monologue, where he tells what's on his mind, he admits, "I only came out to empty the garbage." The voice is similar to Robert Frost. It engages you, has something to say, and is friendly. In the midst of something meaningful, Sam Shepard is informal.

Since O-Lan is his wife, one has the feeling that some of the conversations actually occurred. She says, "You hide behind your hands — a little portable mask, and hold up your chin, as if you support a big burden; you rub



Mark Petrakis stands behind O-Lan Shepard in *SUPERSTITIONS*, "a totally integrated performance," Dan Turner, B.A.R. drama critic.

your temples," and on it goes in a character study that is very descriptive of Sam. This is something that the playwright may have wanted to disguise by name, but certainly not by feeling. Modesty puts the emphasis on character, although biographers will use *Superstitions* as a source.

At one point the voice tells us, "I pray for an empty head." This theater piece is about thinking, and about what resides in one's brain during off moments, some of these are superstitions. There are mind games, too, like: "Now, make a pact to end all pacts!"

The final observation is that

you do not need to have your eyes closed to imagine things, and you can have them open and be blind, indeed, "I've gone blind from this light."

The actors, musician, and director, Julie Hebert, worked together to produce a totally integrated performance. *Superstitions* is entertaining and meaningful. I wanted it to last longer than it did — only an hour. It is a play that speaks to your memory, and you recognize and identify many of the vignettes. It is noteworthy that "fragments from a wandering imagination" may add up to a whole.

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BAY AREA REPORTER JULY 16, 1981 PAGE 24

Ella Fitzgerald Kicks Off Pops Season

by Mark Topkin

Just as the summer fog returns to Twin Peaks, so the San Francisco Symphony returns to the Civic Auditorium, that cavernous hall no more suited for concerts than Candlestick Park is, for another series of Pops concerts. Despite the efforts of greenery, brightly clothed tables, candles and beverage service, intimacy is not this hall's long suit, nor is its acoustics. Still, the Pops tradition goes on as it has for over a quarter century with its unique blend of popular and light classical music plus guests from a diversity of bands of the entertainment spectrum.

The opening show on Wednesday, July 8, featured Ella Fitzgerald with a special appearance by Mrs. Arthur Fiedler who narrated Aaron Copland's "Lincoln Portrait" and accepted the Key to the City on behalf of her late husband, former conductor of the S.F. (and more notably, Boston) Pops.

Besides the Copland piece, the orchestra played three other pieces: Victor Herbert's "American Fantasia," a medley called "Americana, Suite for Orchestra" and a California Medley consisting of "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" and "California Here I Come" to which all were invited to sing along. It would be heartless to criticize the orchestra's playing in such a murderous auditorium. Let's suffice to say that they played with enthusiasm and

produced more pleasant sound than might be expected.

It seemed clear, however, that superior symphonic playing was not what brought last Wednesday's crowd to the Pops, for it wasn't until Ella Fitzgerald stepped onto the stage that the audience really came alive. The lady's presence filled every rafters as she moved from standard to standard in her own inimitable fashion. Hers is a magical voice, rich and thoroughly controlled throughout the entirety of its awesome range. Wrap that voice around a capacity for phrasing that melts lyrics into music, and the result was an hour of rapture with songs by the likes of Ellington, Waller, Gershwin, Porter, and Rogers and Hart.

Other guest artists who will join the Pops in concerts throughout July include Country star Jim Stafford on the 17th, New York sophisticate Bobby Short on the 22nd, and Maxine Andrews on the 25th. There will also be an evening of Cole Porter with the Civic Choral and soloists on the 24th.

Erich Kunzel, the new music director and conductor for the Pops, has some work cut out for him programwise. As it stands, the draw for the concerts lies in the soloists rather than the symphony. In the future, I'd like to see more of a balance. ■

NOSTALGIA

Remember when a 3-way was a rousing sex connection?
But now-a-days what does it mean? One more traffic intersection.

— by Woolly

FILM CLIPS

S.O.B.

The Hollywood Chainsaw Massacre

If backstabbing is as common a trait in Hollywood as Blake Edwards would like us to believe, then his savagely black-humored examination of it and other S(andard) O(perational) B(ullshit) has been performed with the cutting accuracy of a chainsaw.

His satiric look at Hollywood attitudes and mores might be somewhat semi-autobiographical, but as writ-

chosen ensemble of actors that makes **S.O.B.** the entertaining, dishy movie that it is.

There's seen-it-all/done-it-all director William Holden whose remedy for the ulcer-producing frustration of the business is booze, drugs, and sex. Robert Vaughn, a notoriously tacky producer who has naturally risen to heading the studio, will mercilessly do anything to make a man cry "Uncle" to his tasteless, profit-inspired ideas. The very funny Robert Preston is a Hollywood Dr. Feelgood who

Apparently everybody in the production relished the idea of playfully biting the hand that feeds them. Despite the many inside industry jokes (which are still clear to us), **S.O.B.** does to movies what **NETWORK** did to television, laying out its well-done message about the medium with rare wit and insight. With all the backstabbing, it's no wonder we're in stitches by the movie's end.

(Alhambra)

Jupiter's Thigh

A Friezed Frame Bust

In what is only an occasionally delightful sequel to **Dear Inspector**, Annie Girardot returns in her role as a French

It's their honeymoon romp through Greece where Noiret is mistakenly accused of murder that turns the wit and charm of the first film into a somewhat unsuccessful slapstick romp this second time around.

The couple meets up with an enterprising Greek archeologist (Francis Perrin) who has discovered a long-lost midsection of an ancient statue. He wants recognition for his find, but his never over-dressed wife (Catherine Alric) arranges for it to be stolen and sold by a man she has flirted with.

Before the cool and efficient Girardot can arrange to get her husband and his new-found colleague out of jail, they escape and soon the four of them are fleeing through the magnificent-to-behold Greek countryside.

The stunts do not have the professional gloss of American ones; the comedy is at times forced, and the plot is a bit thin; but the actors are always engaging whether they are stealing cars, escaping through sewers or playing dress up. The lilting music of Georges Hatzinassios and the dazzling scenery make all this easy to take. Yet somehow the comedy doesn't completely gel and despite the wonderful Girardot, who's worth the price of admission alone, **Jupiter's Thigh** really is a bust.

(Lumiere)

1997 vision it has become the maximum security prison of America. Manhattan has been sealed off, and once a criminal is put onto the island, he never leaves.

But when U.S. President Donald Pleasence has his plane hijacked on the way to a last ditch save the world meeting, he is not to be found in the wreckage on the city streets.

A deal is made with ex-velero now incoming prisoner Kurt Russell. If he can get the Prez out within 24 hours (the time left before the important meeting) he will be pardoned.

Russell finds that the Big Apple is now rotten to the core. The prisoners are cannibalistic animals, the buildings are mostly gutted, and the only taxicab in town — still hard to get in rush hours — is operated by Ernest Borgnine. Pretty nasty, right? Wait.

Russell still has to deal with the Duke of New York, a Superfly among the vermin, played with malevolence by soul crooner Isaac Hayes. He's led to the Duke by Harry Dean Stanton who's holed up with Adrienne Barbeau in what's left of the New York Public Library. Along the way we are taken on a Grim Line tour of brutality and sadism — and that's just the Chock Full O' Nuts lunch counter. For all its repugnance, the film keeps its taut grip on our attention

(Continued on Page 26)



A star-heavy cast headed by Julie Andrews in a role that marks a departure from her wholesome image, and William Holden as a journeyman director, are assembled in Blake Edwards' "S.O.B.," a send-up of the Hollywood film colony. Left to right are: Loretta Suitt, Robert Loggia, Craig Stevens, Larry Hagman, William Holden, Julie Andrews, Richard Mulligan, Robert Preston, Robert Vaughn, Larry Storch, Benson Fong, Shelley Winters, Stuart Margolin, Marisa Berenson and Robert Webber.

er/director/producer he has not let his personal feelings get in the way of his truth-getting blood-letting. Everybody is jabbed equally, which makes for all the more laughs for us.

Outrageously successful producer Richard Mulligan (of TV's **Soap**) finds his career in ruins when his latest sugary film is a \$30 million bomb. After the star of the picture, the virgin-imaged Julie Andrews, who is also his wife, deserts him, he unsuccessfully attempts suicide four times but somehow hangs on when an orgy-induced brain-

is as quick with his acid tongue as he is with his stand-by hypodermic. He is indignant when called a shyster because, he notes, "A lawyer is a shyster — I'm a quack!"

Shelley Winters is the double-dealing superagent to Andrews and she will bitchily recommend incest if it will increase her percentage — even if it means blowing her client's previously virginal cover. Stellar **Dallas** star Larry Hagman gets his come-uppance as a studio executive yes-man; Loretta Suitt gets **MASH**ed when her gossip column calumny is dumped

police inspector who somehow finds time in her hectic schedule to make a drug raid minutes before she is scheduled to be married to archeologist Philippe Noiret.

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Annie Girardot, Philippe Noiret, and Catherine Alric in **JUPITER'S THIGH**, "a somewhat unsuccessful slapstick romp through Greece," Michael Lasky, B.A.R. film critic.

storm cues him into saving the picture by turning the corn into porn.

The plot is merely a vehicle in which Edwards can take some pretty grave topics and bury them with carefully targeted, painfully truthful humor. But it's the razor-edged characterizations depicted by one of the most well

on, and two-timing mistress to Vaughn, Marisa Berenson personifies yet another type of common Hollywood bed-hopping bird.

They are all foils for Edwards to harpoon the callousness, pettiness, and insincere double-dealing that are the seeming everyday activities in Hollywood.

TALES OF TESSI TURA

Take A Hunchback To Lunch

GEORGE HEYMONT

A Pair of Ragged Rigolettos

Certain standard works in the operatic repertoire are often nicknamed "warhorses" with good reason. When mounted with crispness, good singers and an imaginative stage director, they become electric pieces of musical theater, plowing through the fields of mediocrity with the thrust of a championship steed. When sabotaged by ill-conceived productions, poor music-making, or an attitude that "We can just throw it on the stage and it will take care of itself," these works totter on their heels like a Trojan horse dressed in come-fuck-me pumps and hit the stage with a resounding thud. Verdi's *Rigoletto* got humped and dumped in San Francisco and St. Louis this summer. It's interesting to note why.

COURTING DISASTER

Earlier in June while watching a performance of Reimann's *Lear*, I found a curious line in the libretto. "Shut the gates, we're in for a stormy night," sang *Lear*'s daughter Goneril. Having just seen a rerun of *All About Eve*, I couldn't help but wonder how the opera would have sounded if in its stead she had sung, "Fasten your seatbelts, we're in for a bumpy ride."

That special kind of audience prescience is a force over which a composer or stage director has no control whatsoever. The force was with me once more in St. Louis as I took my seat for a matinee of *Rigoletto*. I had returned to my hotel room in the wee hours of the morning following a round of heavy duty at the Club Baths. The house lights dimmed, the orchestra played Monterone's curse, and I had to rub my eyes to make sure I wasn't

opera in the vernacular as the lack of theatricality which comes with understanding every word. I think the problem lies in the particular oompah-pah style of music which causes Verdi and Bellini acute problems when their operas are translated into English.

The cast was having a decidedly poor time of it. Most were beset with colds. This was one of those obviously



"Well, Professor Harold Hill's on hand, River City's going to have a boys' band . . ." *Rigoletto* (Garbis Boyagian) sang to the wrong chorus in the Ponnelle production of Verdi's work during the San Francisco Opera's summer international festival.

dreaming as Act I began. There onstage was the same chorus line of boys clad in white towels I had seen the night before, except this time as they danced with the girls (generically speaking) their hearts weren't in it. The only thing missing from the orgy scene at the court of Mantua were some vending machines and poppers. The show went steadily downhill from there.

Rigoletto is one work which does not translate well into English. Although Andrew Porter's translation made the libretto as palatable as possible, this is one case where audience familiarity with the Italian sound is as much a block to singing the

"off" performances. James Schwisow revealed a big sound with little sense of style or shading as the Duke of Mantua. An impressive young tenor with a smashing set of buns, Schwisow sings in two flavors only. He either belts his big notes or resorts to juvenile crooning, with little in between. Sheri Greenawald's Gilda had some stunning moments, even though she was having acute pitch problems throughout the performance. Greenawald, however, always offers a thorough characterization. Her portrayal of the hunchback's daughter was well-motivated, artfully employing her dramatic skills to cover the obvious vocal problems she was suffering.



"Humped and dumped!" Gilda (Sheri Greenawald) contemplates her future career as a bag lady in the Opera Theatre of St. Louis's production of Verdi's *RIGOLETTO*.

Of the principals, Frederick Burchinal's *Rigoletto* was by far the best performance, displaying a raw vulgarity. Anthony Besch's staging left a lot to be desired, and Cal Stewart Kellogg conducted the opera as being pursued by a horde of futies.

A TURD IN A GILDA-ED CAGE

Would that Kellogg had been conducting the work in San Francisco, where Niksa Barez suffered delusions that he was conducting the Blue Danube Waltz instead of *Rigoletto*. His lethargic tempos on opening night undermined the efforts of the principals and chorus, leaving them short of breath and ill at ease onstage. I asked several colleagues if we could take up a collection to give the conductor a line of coke in the hopes he would arise from his narcosis to finish the opera within a week's time.

This is the controversial production staged by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle in 1973. This year one of Ponnelle's henchmen, Grischka Asagaroff took a few swipes at the production causing some grievous damage in the final act. Asagaroff's insensitive "improvements," coupled with Barez's qualuded-out conducting brought a once fiercely electrifying production to a limply-paced standstill. A crying shame, as this is physically one of the best productions of *Rigoletto* to be found on the stage of any opera house today.

With the principals being sabotaged right and left by director and conductor, the chorus practically walked away with the show (and they weren't having an easy time, either). Garbis Boyagian was a lightweight hunchback, unable to project the tragedy of the evening and often prevented from scoring strongly by the conductor's lackluster work. Peter Dvorsky bleated his way through the Duke's arias with horrid sound (although he was reportedly ill and under medications). Of

the three principals, only Patricia Wise managed to salvage herself from the rubble. Kurt Rydl's Sparafucile was more in keeping with a Klondike melodrama. It was a sorry night.

What amazes me is that the audience cheered each of these evenings with an enthusiasm they would not bestow on better performances of less familiar works. Whereas enough familiarity here would indeed breed contempt for what was thrown onstage, some bizarre display of affection for maligned pasta occurred instead. As I dragged myself up the aisle in disbelief a colleague whispered in my ear, "Do you know how to make a dead dog float?"

Temporarily finding myself at a loss for words, I shrugged my shoulders and cringed in anticipation of the next line.

"Take two scoops of dead dog and add some root beer," he snickered.

He's right. But he left out the part where you stick a cherry on the conductor and toss him in the river along with the dead virgin.

FILM CLIPS

(Continued from Page 25)

until the ironic unexpected ending.

Carpenter, whose previous films include *The Fog* and *Halloween*, comes through in fine style here, not only di-



Ernest Borgnine in *ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK*

recting, but composing an appropriately haunting music score as well.

(Alhambra)

Michael Lasky

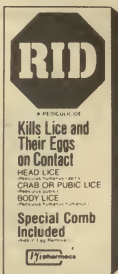
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Music for Women

JERRY DE GRACIA

In 1973 when a group of ten women joined together to form Olivia Records, they did so to provide an alternative for women who could not record as they wanted in the commercial recording business.

Judy Dlugacz, president of Olivia Records and one of the founding members, said that at the time the company was based on a belief in what they were doing, the energy resulting from that belief, and on very little capital.

Seven years later the Berkeley-based company boasts a variety of women artists recording on their label including Meg Christian, whose third album, *Turning It Over*, will be released on October, Teresa Trull of *Let It Be Known* fame, and Cris Williamson.

Because the company provides an outlet for lesbian artists, who have in the past had little opportunity to record music which spoke to their own lives, it may seem exclusionary. Ms. Dlugacz said when asked about the concept of women's music. But, she added, the concept of women's music is actually inclusionary because it involves people of similar feelings and beliefs involved in a common creative effort.

Although Olivia Records is still struggling due to undercapitalization, the company has surpassed what the founding members thought they could do; the company is still small and has a long way to go, Ms. Dlugacz added.

Aside from the recording aspects of the company, Olivia Records has also had success in terms of live performances of their artists and has produced a lot of concerts in the Bay Area.

The variety of artists on the Olivia label produce music which ranges from rhythm and blues and funk to jazz fusion and therefore the definition of women's music is that it is produced totally by women but is not limited to any one type of music.

OFF THE RECORD

Music For Teenage Sex
Baby Buddha
Posh Boy Records

Wall of Voodoo's apparent success with their synthesized version of the old Johnny Cash classic "Ring of Fire" may be the harbinger of a new musical trend with the release of Baby Buddha's *Music For Teenage Sex*.

The group, which consists of only two musicians but includes a host of guest artists, has recorded synthesized versions of the Tammy Wynette

classic "Stand By Your Man" and Hank Williams' "Your Cheatin' Heart."

Although the album does not have as wide a range of tonal qualities as Wall of Voodoo's LP, it still offers enough musical energy to make you wonder "Who Is Baby Buddha?"

"Twangin'..."
Dave Edmunds
Swan Song Records

Even with the Stray Cats as backup musicians Dave Edmund's latest effort still isn't as good as it should be but then again, as a solo artist, he has never been too good.

It's just that last year's effort with the group Rockpile, which also featured Nick Lowe, was so tight you sort of expect either one of them to come out with a great solo album. Obviously experience with a good band is not the best teacher since Edmunds sounds a lot like he did before Rockpile — boring.

Here Comes The Night
David Johansen
Blue Sky Records

On his third solo album since splitting with the New York Dolls, David Johansen has finally released a completely good album. It's not great, but it's good.

Even though Johansen's voice tends to be grating at times, he still manages to warble through some nice music, most notably "You Fool You" and "Havin' So Much Fun."

HEADLINERS

So what are you? Some kind of magician? Joe Walsh brings his "Life of Illusion" to the Oakland Coliseum, Sunday, July 19.

Group 87 headlines at the Stone on July 19. Ah, sweet mysteries of life. Who in the hell is Group 87?

Dave Mason appears at the Old Waldorf July 24 and 25 in what is billed as an acoustic weekend. No thanks, I don't like to sleep my weekends away.

America appears at the Concord Pavilion Saturday, July 25.

The Psychedelic Furs headline the Old Waldorf July 26. Well, at least there's something to "Talk, Talk, Talk" about over the weekend.

Don't old hippies ever die? Pete Seeger and Arlo Guthrie appear at the Concord Pavilion July 26.

Joe Jackson's *Jumpin' Jive* at the Old Waldorf Monday, July 27.

Tryouts for Gay Comedies

WHATASHOW PRODUCTIONS is casting Gay plays for benefit performances to start in late September. "We produce plays and musicals by the Gay community," according to William Dowsing, director of Actors Society of San Francisco, and David Franklin of WHATASHOW.

Six men over 40 are needed for the productions of *A-Roo-Gal* and *Two Queens in a Pod*, plus women and men dancers and singers of all ages. Open tryouts and interviews will be held on Sunday, August 2, 2:00pm at 980 Bush Street, Suite 400 (ring 42), San Francisco 94109. Telephone 775-7312 for added information or personal interview. Lesbians are also asked to participate in tryouts for the very funny play with music *A Dyke Named Mike*.

The Distractions On Broadway

by John F. Karr



Nearing the end of their successful appearance on Broadway, the Distractions appear tonight through Saturday, July 18, at the Chi-Chi Theater Club at 440 Broadway. Their usual "High Octone: Music For The Eight-Track Mind" has been slightly skewed by the temporary absence of vocalist #8, leaving the group a sensational septet. But that hasn't hurt their acute, a cappella vocal harmonies, sassy sense of swing, outrageously funny satire or mordant political outlook. Indeed, they've added to their repertoire of standards and originals an amazing hunk of theater and music, the first act finale of Kurt Weill and Bert Brecht's *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*. This has become the centerpiece of the evening, and deservedly so. In 10 minutes it confronts us with the possible extent of freedom, the meaning of anarchy and other political realities rarely encountered in a cabaret. Brecht would have loved it. Performed in a neo-punk style that contemporizes the music without bowdlerizing it, the scene includes the classic "Alabama Song" and "As You Make Your Bed." One can barely recover when it's finished, but the Distractions help out with Duke Ellington's "In My Solitude," as well as "Cow-Cow Boogie," and Distractions' favorites "Midnight in Manhattan," "The Nuclear Family" and their new-wave classic, "Beauty Killers." The Chi-Chi Club, all pink, pearly and 50's strip-joint pretty, couldn't be a more charming — or unreal — setting for the sensationally funny group.

Starfire Dance & Theatre

"Peeling Each Moment," an evening of dance/theater, is being presented by Starfire dance company on the evenings of July 30 - August 1 (Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights). Performances will be at Gumption Theatre, 1563 Page Street (near Ashbury) at 8:30pm.

Starfire, a production company now entering its second year, presents performances that mix dance and theater techniques to create a fluid and graceful blending, unusually evocative of the angers, the tendernesses, and the absurdities that we all experience. Julie Oak and Jill Fabulae appeared in an earlier Starfire production, "Psyching Along The Edge."

More information is available by calling Bob Starfire at (415) 552-5552.

If you're gay, the joke in this scene is on you.

Jeff Bridges in drag in *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot* is just another example of the homophobia Hollywood has peddled over the years, from the "sissy" jokes of the silents to the paranoia and brutality of *Cruising*. In his brilliant new book, *THE CELLULOID CLOSET: Homosexuality in the Movies*, Vito Russo explains how Hollywood has adapted to prevailing attitudes, both in its veiled references to homosexuality (e.g., "buddy films," like *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*) and in explicit ones, like *The Boys in the Band*. 120 photographic stills.

THE CELLULOID CLOSET

Homosexuality in the Movies
— VITO RUSSO —



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10 East 53rd Street, New York, NY 10022



Summer Books - Part I

by Frank J. Howell

Another Runner In The Night

By Robert Granit

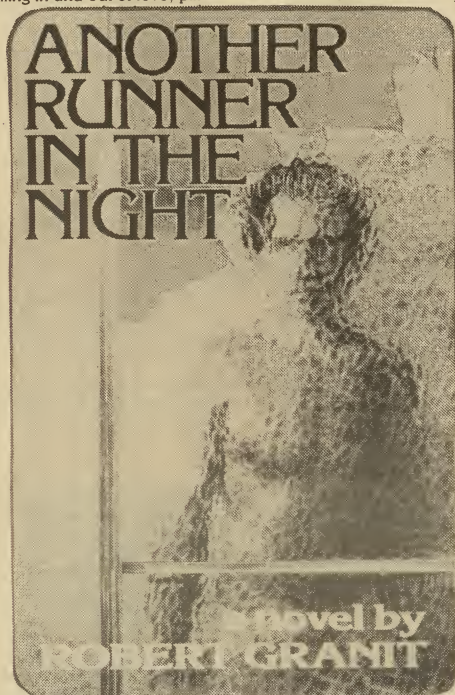
A & W Publishers - 1981 - \$9.95

"I love jet planes and I have never been afraid of flying. I like the feeling of leaving the ground. I like the mysterious white noise, the emptiness of the sky, the time displacement and the anxiety of change and I like going places and I am going places again. Destination, Los Angeles. Objective, power and influence."

There was once an old saw going the rounds that asked the question, Will they ever make a happy story about the South? (referring to "Gone With The Wind" and similar epics). A more pressing question today is, Will they ever produce a happy story about Hollywood? Aside from certain obvious musicals ("Singin' In The Rain" such an event is not likely.

The episodes are always the same: confused people falling in and out of love, pill

cided to really get some frustrations off his chest in this roman a clef. Granit is a producer who returns to Lotusland after an absence of several fallow years. He is attempting a comeback with a film starring Alley Crawford, an actress whom all the studios are clammering to obtain for their own film projects. Without her support no funding for the movie can be raised. He arrives with his lover, J.B. Reede, an actor who hopes to land the top role in a new television series. J.B. is Robert's lover,



popping, loads of meaningless sex, alienation from life, and sad climaxes. "The End" never seems to arrive for such a view of tinsel town.

Why is it that we as readers or viewers are never allowed to witness the actual creative process of how a film is first conceived, cast, filmed and released? Are all the individuals who struggle under the hot lights such miserable creatures? Is the creative process actually bad for your mental and physical well being? Apparently so, at least in fiction.

"Another Runner In The Night" is no exception to this rule. The leading character, Robert Granit, we are informed from the publisher's blurb, is a pseudonym. He has written under a more familiar name. He has de-

but they soon break up as Robert attempts to re-enter the glamor of the celluloid rat race. Our hero is battling Si Kantor, head of ZKI Pictures. Granit was once involved with his daughter. A gossip columnist discovers the Gay inclinations of our bisexual friend as he prepares to shoot the new film. An item in his column causes the world to cave in on poor Robert Granit.

Homosexual affairs abound and negative feelings about Gay love flow throughout the narrative. At one point Robert explains to J.B., "There are basic facts of life that people must know. To feed homosexuals this crap that they're perfectly normal happy people is tragic."

All ends in disaster, of course. This must be why some writers seem to always

Book Notes

Stay Tuned: An Inside Look at the Making of Prime-Time Television

by Richard Levinson & William Link
St. Martin's Press - \$11.95

Levinson and Link are two of the top television writers. They have been associated with **Columbo**, **Mannix** and **McCloud**. Their television films have ranged from **My Sweet Charlie** to **The Execution of Private Slovik**. This is a fascinating behind-the-scenes account of the pressures and joys involved in video production. The book is especially noteworthy for the chapter on the challenges of **That Certain Summer** (1972) which featured Hal Holbrook as a Gay man attempting to relate to his son. This landmark production opened the way for other controversial themes.

Many actors avoided the role like the plague. Link and Levinson encountered one actor who refused the role. They asked him if he would play Hitler. "Sure," he gamely replied.

The Intimate Sex Lives of Famous People

by Irving Wallace, Amy Wallace, David Wallichinsky, and Sylvia Wallace
Delacorte Press - \$14.95

Good heavens! Is nothing sacred! The indignities the celebrities must suffer. But they are all here, from all walks of life. Yes, the Gay ones are not neglected, but you must work to find them. They have no special category. Fortunately our crowd is listed in the index under "Homosexuals and Homosexuality." Some forty people, from Somerset Maugham to James Dean are exposed. This is a sort of scissors-and-paste job but it is great fun to read. Hours of evil speculation can be engendered by poring through these pages. Is anyone still wondering about J. Edgar Hoover and harmless old Hans Christian Andersen?

This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color

Edited by Cherrie Moraga & Gloria Anzaldua
Persephone Press - \$8.95
Paperback

Third world women are now speaking out about their particular trials and tribulations. A section on Lesbians called "Between The Lines: On Culture, Class and Homophobia" is included.

Writing by some forty talented and sensitive women can be found here. ■

link Hollywood and Gayness.

Granit writes in a manner that leads the reader on. We really want to know what happens next. His style and characters are mesmerizing. The dialogue rings true and Granit certainly has traveled the territory. But this tale has been spun once too often. Is there anything new to be revealed about stars and producers who make a mess of their lives? Isn't Judy Garland dead? Yet? ■

Chapters From An Autobiography

by Samuel M. Steward

Grey Fox Press

\$5.95 Paper - \$12.95 Hard Cover

"... The ordinary porn writer attempts to affect his readers by using lots of four-letter words, thus cutting away all his chance for the imagination to be deeply activated and to build up its greater powers. He does not give the reader a map to direct his fantasies, but hauls him instead into a rubberneck sightseeing bus and shouts to him through a megaphone what to look at and what to feel about it. The man who says motherfucker every third word soon becomes dreadfully ineffective, but the bishop who inserts a 'damn' into a sentence is not quickly forgotten."

Want to meet a man who has been around? Sam Steward may be worth considering. He has sipped tea with Lord Alfred Douglas (lover of Oscar Wilde) been gently guided into bed with a handsome Arab by Andre Gide, strolled through the vegetable markets of France with Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas, discussed literature with Thornton Wilder, and participated in an S&M session arranged for Dr. Alfred Kinsey, who was making detailed notes.

These days Sam is taking it easy in Berkeley and recalling the golden days of yore.

His early life in small town Ohio was stifling and frustrating. But he managed to learn about life from his peer group. Dear Sam claims he deflowered "four members of the football team, all of the basketball, three of the track (team)." At one point he was also confronted by his father about a Gay sex act.

When the gates of freedom finally opened, he fled to college and the lure of the cities. He taught English for many years and finally drifted into the tattoo business. It was here that he gleaned much knowledge about male sexuality by imprinting many a love organ with a flower or a passionately curling snake. He encountered many hustlers also and maintained a "stud file" of virtually every person with whom sexual contact took place. It was this

studied attention to erotic detail that led the renowned Dr. Kinsey to seek out Sam Steward for assistance in obtaining subjects for research. Sam also gave him a number of homophile short stories and articles.

Steward paints a surprising picture of closeted Gay life in the 1920's and 1930's. He recalls that in spite of the homophobic pressures of the era, homosexuals certainly did gather and relate.

The pen name Phil Andros was created in 1963, and the barriers were pushed back further when the short story "The Blacks and Mr. Bennett" first appeared and explored the relationships between black and white Gays. Steward artfully conveys the challenges of establishing Gay literature in these dark ages. He began writing for the pioneering European Gay magazine *Der Kreis*, which flourished in the 1930's, '40's and finally expired in 1967. They only began an English language section in 1952. The early stories were heavily disguised and consisted of gushy romance and delicate hints about the human condition.

Sam drops pearls of philosophical wisdom along the way about happiness and fulfillment. His views are a combination of the cynic and the poet. I hope his autobiography doesn't end too soon. We need the counsel of those who have trod the lavender path before us. ■

No Punctuation... Nonread

Adonis Garcia:
A Picaresque Novel

By Luis Zapata

Gay Sunshine Press - \$7.95 - Paperback
(Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140 - \$1.00 mailing charge - California residents add 6% sales tax)

Luis Zapata is said to be a promising young Mexican writer. He has written a first-person account of a hustler surviving in Mexico City.

I fully intended to read this promising work, but unfortunately the author has decided to express his feelings of

uniqueness by using blank spaces instead of punctuation. This makes reading difficult at best and is extremely tiring. No literature in all the world is worth this. You had better follow the rules and rewrite the entire novel, Mr. Zapata. Better luck next time! ■

FOR HOME —

Homosexuality & American Psychiatry: The Politics of Diagnosis

by Ronald Bayer
Basic Books - \$12.95

"It is our task as psychiatrists to be healers of the distressed, not watchdogs of our social mores."

— Dr. Judd Marmor, psychoanalyst

Americans love to label whatever they encounter in life, but they are especially fond of branding with black and white names, anything that does not fit into God's scheme of things. This may include Gays, people who are left-handed, mothers on welfare, or members of the Communist Party. Differences are often not explored but

of the APA's Manual of Psychiatric Disorders (known to the in-crowd as DSM-III). One group represented by such spokesmen as Dr. Judd Marmor proposed that homosexuality be removed from the list of mental conditions considered pathological. The ax-grinders on the other side (Dr. Irving Bieber, Dr. Charles Socarides) hotly contended

In the 1950's and 1960's any mental healer worth his salt deferred to the oracles of wisdom who decreed that love of the same sex was not to be encouraged. Irving Bieber, Charles Socarides, and a wild, hysterical analyst named Edmund Bergler (*Homosexuality: Disease or Way of Life*) shrieked to all who would listen that queers were literally eating away the foundations of Western Civilization. This grim quartet of doom was challenged by Dr. Alfred Kinsey, Evelyn Hooker, and Dr. Thomas Szasz, who uncovered healthy Gays who lacked unhappy parents.

During the early days of the homophile movement the *Mattachine Review* and *The Ladder* published a running debate as to how homosexuals should regard themselves and their therapeutic saviors. Bayer provides us with a chilling summary of how some faggots of old brain-washed themselves into accepting this status quo.

In the mid-1960's Gays such as Dr. Frank Kameny in Washington, D.C., began to turn the tide, and during the latter part of the same decade some psychiatrists began to suggest that changes were in order.

Bayer rewards us with a detailed score sheet of the palace intrigue and daring deeds occurring at the "Shoot Out At The APA Corral." We find out who recovered their dignity and who continued to sulk. The final vote on whether to remove Gays from the category of abnormality was: 5,354 for - 3,810 against - 10,000 not voting (total membership of the American Psychiatric Association - approximately 25,000 [1980]).

The only skeletal remains of the conceptual dispute was a curious classification known as "sexual orientation disturbance" designed for those unable to accept their Gay dispositions.

Homophobic reactions were swift and predictable. Dr. Abraham Kardiner warned that, "Those who reinforce the disintegrative elements in our society will get no thanks from future generations. The family becomes the ultimate victim of homosexuality, a result which any society can tolerate only within certain limits."

But Dr. Robert Spitzer, a member of the committee who recommended the diagnostic change initially, insisted that if homosexuality was not removed the boundaries of mental illness could be extended endlessly. He listed attitudes and conditions that might be considered grist for future Freudian mills:

that Gays were still sick and in need of therapy.

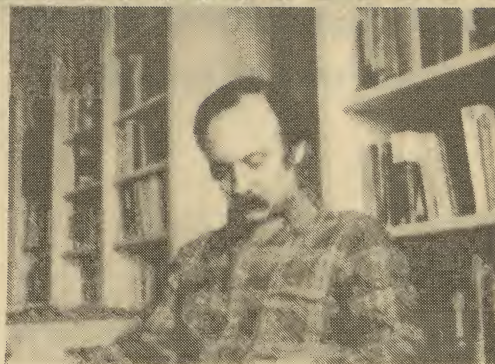
The disagreement can be traced to differing ideas between psychiatrists and classically trained psychoanalysts. Bayer traces the complex history of the medical treatment of Gays from the mid-nineteenth century when homosexuality was first recognized as a "disease." Some of the medical doctors were strongly influenced by anthropologists and sociologists, who found that mental health was profoundly conditioned by historical and cultural forces and that health was a relative matter. The analysts, on the other hand, felt there was an absolute standard of psychological normality that stood above the everyday influences of our lives. What this boils down to is that psychoanalysis was on trial in 1973. The argument was not without significance for the average Gay person. Society at large was taking note of how the psychiatric profession now viewed Gay love. Homophobia was also on trial.

avoided.

The conflict between Gays and the American psychiatric establishment serves to underline this social process. Just as Southerners of the old school resented outsiders who challenged notions that Blacks were inferior, so, too, the medical practitioners are uptight about Gays and their allies when they dare to suggest that even one happy, fulfilled homosexual can be found wandering somewhere about the universe.

Ronald Bayer has done a commendable job of developing a critique of the American Psychiatric Association and the internal feud which exploded within the ranks of its members in the early 1970's. Bayer, an associate for Policy Studies at the Hastings Center, Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences, has revealed that the emperor still has clothes, but the threads are certainly becoming unstitched.

The occasion for the upheaval was the 1973 revision



Author Ronald Bayer

Celibacy (failure to achieve optimal sexual functioning), religious fanaticism (dogmatic and rigid adherence to religious doctrine), racism (irrational hatred of certain groups), vegetarianism (unnatural avoidance of carnivorous behavior), and male chauvinism (irrational belief in the inferiority of women).

After surveying the aftermath of the 1973 decision, Bayer is not optimistic about the immediate future of Gay rights. With Reagan and the Moral Majority firmly in the saddle, he feels that progress will halt for the time being.

The hard core of homophobia is difficult to annihilate. Again, Abraham Kardiner warns, "The suspicion with which middle America views homosexuality cannot be voted out of existence."

Someday perhaps the anthropologists will provide therapy for those who seek it, and the medical doctors will find other pastures. For ultimately mental health becomes a moral issue and is defined by the times in which we live. This will be a hard lesson for the Moral Majority to learn.

Ex Priest Tells All

Look Back in Joy: Celebration of Gay Lovers

By Malcolm Boyd

Gay Sunshine Press - \$6.95 - Paper
(Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140 - \$1.00 handling charge - California residents add 6% sales tax)

"I shared virtually everything with him except my gayness, the central mystery at the center of my existence."

"I can't respect the morality of organized religion; I respect the morality of God."

Malcolm Boyd has been at it now since the 1950's: civil rights for blacks, making religion vital to ordinary people (via his books, such as *Are You Running With Me Jesus?* and then with his major confessional, *Take Off The Masks*). But he has paid a price. Invitations to speak do not arrive as often, and publishers have tamed their enthusiasm for future book contracts. Sometimes a trail-blazer must lie back in the shadows before the sun blazes forth once more.

This time his tribute to Gay love dips heartily into the flesh and the pungency, joy and trials found therein. Certainly the spirit is willing and the flesh is often not weak when an Episcopalian priest remains true to his own yearnings.

Dear Malcolm has loved many a man, and he hides nothing about his fondness for the masculine sex. ("Romantic church organist placed his warm, experienced mouth on my hungry phallus.") The style reminds us of his early works where the commentary is limited to one page and is treated like a single episode. But the bite and vitality still flows from each phrase and thought.

The constant emphasis on bed to bed interaction, however, actually wears the reader down until we reach the point where Boyd finds a lover who is for keeps. The interview with him, taken from *Gay Sunshine*, brings the strength of the prose back to center stage.

Boyd's empathy for the downtrodden and his warm vulnerability are both his strength and his downfall. I can recall Malcolm being verbally roasted by a hostile audience on the "Phil Donahue Show" as he explained how he and his lover said the Lord's Prayer together each night in bed. Somehow, he deals from a position of weakness rather than strength. Masochistic pleading substitutes for affirmation.

But his mighty battle is still with the Christian establishment that warms the fires of fear and ignorance in middle-class America.

We are still running with you, Malcolm, and so is Jesus; but please get up off your knees and stop trying to beg for mercy. The 1950's are over. We are now ready for a more forceful surge of revolution.

AND TRAVEL!

WANDERLUST

Being A Gay In Israel

A. MARC LEVENTHAL

Visiting Israel for the first time can be done from several approaches. One goes for the religious or spiritual values, or for the historical/archeological sites, or simply a vacation destination for sun and (under)water sports.

Gays are particularly lucky that there is an organization known as Israel Hospitality, a branch of The Society for the Protection of Personal Rights. Although homosexuality is technically illegal, prosecutions are not made when the parties concerned are 18 or older and the acts are done in private. The general population's "acceptance" of Gays has improved, but even though Gays are now permitted to serve in the armed forces, they cannot be officers.

I was fortunate in meeting Asher Ma'ayan, a licensed tour guide who was born in Philadelphia and is now with the lively society above which is recognized by the government. Geared for the Israeli who is coming out or wanting to work for better rights, much assistance is offered the American tourist. Contact Israel Hospitality, P.O. Box 16151, Tel Aviv 61160 for an updated list of Gay meeting places in Israel. In Tel Aviv call 246-063 for immediate suggestions and answers to your questions.

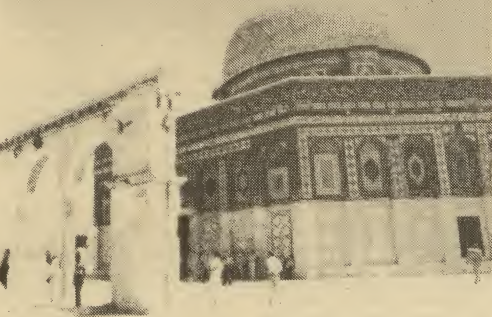
Some general points to keep in mind on a visit to Israel: English is spoken widely, and all street signs are printed in English as well as Hebrew and Arabic. Prices are quoted in U.S. dollars, and U.S. dollars may be used to make purchases. As a matter of fact, if you pay your hotel bill in dollars, you will not have to pay Value Added Tax.

As for transportation, if you are "patriotic," El Al should be used to keep the money in Israel, but their service is terrible! My nonstop flight from New York made a stop in

Amsterdam for cargo; stew-ardesses left much to be desired and were downright rude; no bar service was available (we had to go up to the galley to ask for a drink). Baggage took one hour to get off the plane in Tel Aviv. So do consider TWA, or irregular

dusk till late. Baths: The Khaman, 36 Yekhezkel Street, near the Bukharian Synagogue. Bus No. 4 stops practically at the front door. Men's days are Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday from 11:00am till midnight. On Friday, open till 3:00pm (but very weak).

Although the plane lands at Ben Gurion Airport outside of Tel Aviv, the tour should start in Jerusalem just 39 miles away. Several hotels can be recommended in Jerusalem. Starting with the King David, a 5-star hotel conveniently lo-



JERUSALEM, Israel: The Dome of the Rock/Mosque of Omar is one of the most beautiful examples of Islamic architecture in the world, covered with blue, green and white tile mosaics, and topped by its dome of gold leaf.

cal to the old walled city. Few hotels in the world can match the atmosphere of the King David Hotel. Almost worth the trip to Israel, it is the place where people who make history rub shoulders with people who come to see it in the making. The impressive entrance hall, based on the design of the palace of King Solomon, creates a unique, rarely matched air of dignity and grandeur. This luxury hotel is the foremost gathering place in the capital of Israel. Oddly enough, another of the good places to stay is the YMCA, directly across the street from the King David. Both these hotels are heavily booked in advance. Almost next to the YMCA is the brand new Jerusalem Sheraton, a 5-star deluxe hotel. The Hilton is an excellent hotel, but shuttle service is required to get to the old city. The 4-star Ariel is very close to the old city and is reasonably comfortable. The Diplomat, out in the country, is used mostly by groups and hourly shuttle service is available. It's okay. The InterContinental is the only non-kosher hotel and is located on the hill above Gethsemane and has a fabulous view of the walled Jerusalem. The CP Plaza, another 5-star luxury hotel, is very nice and has the advantage of being located by the crui-ly landscaped gardens of Independence Park.

A first time visit to Israel should incorporate a tour package. There are so many historical and biblical sights that it would not be advisable to tour Israel on one's own. The next few articles will give you a sample of a typical tour of Israel, along with suggested Gay cruising.

Gay Meeting Places in Jerusalem: Gan Ha'atzma'ut (Independence Garden) in the center of the New City, near the Plaza Hotel. Daytime activity centers around facilities across Agron Street from the U.S. Consul's residence. Activity encompasses practically all of the garden from

cheeses — quite unlike an Hawaiian buffet which features fruits.

A two or three hour guided walking tour to orient one to old Jerusalem will help when one returns on their own to browse and shop in the bazaars. It is hard to imagine that in a few hours one can visit the sites of the old and new testaments. It takes several days to see all that Jerusalem has to offer: visit the Western Wall (sole remnant of The Temple), the Dome of

The Rock, Via Dolorosa and the Church of The Holy Sepulchre, Mt. Zion, with the traditional tomb of King David, site of The Last Supper, Mt. Olives, Garden of Gethsemane, Absalom's Pillar, and the Tomb of Zachariah.

To be continued...

If anyone is interested in information on Gay Greece, Rio, or Cruise, please contact me at World Travel Arrangements, 421-4460.

Joint Concert for Women Singers

The Los Angeles Women's Community Chorus and the San Francisco Lesbian Chorus will perform their first joint concert on Saturday, July 18, at 8pm at The Palace of Fine Arts in San Francisco.

The two groups are among eighteen feminist-oriented women's choruses throughout the country. Planned for the evening is entertainment highlighting cultural diversity and struggles.

Pat Bond, well known Lesbian performer and activist, will be the MC for the evening. Bond won acclaim for her portrayal of Gertrude Stein in "Gertie, Gertie Stein

is Back, Back, Back" which she also wrote. Bond has written "Murder in the wac" which she summarizes as "the story of my military nightmare." She can also be seen in the soon-to-be-released United Artists film House of God.

The 80-member Los Angeles Women's Community Chorus was formed in 1976 and performs works written and arranged by women. They host an annual concert and perform at universities, prisons, conventions and union meetings.

For more information, phone 285-9651.

"Dinosaurs" at Rhinoceros

For its final production at the Goodman Building, Theatre Rhinoceros this week announced the opening of three one-act plays by C.D. Arnold on Thursday, August 6, and running Thursdays through Sundays at 8:30 through September 5. Tickets are \$5-\$7, with PAS and other discounts. Reservations can be made at 776-1848.

Dinosaurs features Christian Haren and Timo Butters; The Blonde in 20-B features Kate Flatland, Maggi Sutherland, and Denize Springer; and A Night in the Blue Moon features Charles Solomon and Joel Jason. All three plays are directed by

J. Kevin Hanlon.

Playwright Arnold, blending the poetic with the theatrical, explores those dreams disrupted by abrupt awakenings. In Dinosaurs, Christian and Johnny Pole search for beauty amid the debris of the Tenderloin. In Blue Moon, Pablo returns to his high school reunion and to Arthur, his first love. Laurel, The Blonde in 20-B, is caught between Bernice and Katie Day in the spotlight of one night stands.

Theatre Rhinoceros is in the Goodman Building, 1115 Geary (at Van Ness).

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MR. MARCUS

Stand By Your Horse

SOUTHERN SCANDALS

From all reports, this year's Gay Rodeo in Reno will be the highlight of the summer season. A 3-day weekend (July 31 - Aug. 2) with a barbeque, calf roping, bareback bronc riding, bulldogging, team roping for \$18 or \$20 is just part of the entertainment planned. In addition, ConEnt is throwing a big hoedown shindig with Stella Parton in person on Saturday night. Stella just happens to be Dolly's little sister, who'll be a few miles away at Tahoe, so the rumor is strong that when

bike and nonbike competition and no dogs or drugs allowed. Expect to see a lot of swinging vines and jungle clothing (almost nil), and they've come a long way from the Gold Rush runs of yesteryear. This sounds absolutely lewd, but lewd CAN be gewd. Spring Gap will NEVER be the same again. Perils of Nyoka.

★ ★ ★

By the time you read this, you're all certainly aware of the BIG fire on Folsom last Thursday night. As a result of

Castro and Polk about the "butch" men of Folsom and their glaring absence from the sports fields. Well guys, it may have been a long time coming, but here they are, the stunning team of the Gay Softball League and representing the Ambush — that shining star on Harrison in — where else? — the Valley of the Kings. While I'm at it, a big hand (all rise) for Tom Vindeed, the Commissioner of the GSL. He has done an outstanding job in rallying the support of the community. By all rights, the GSL All-Stars should have won the heart-breaker against the Sheriff's Office two Sundays ago. A fine showing and a promising forecast for next year. And yeah, that Bubbles can hit the ball! And Mike Gray!

★ ★ ★

IDOL GOSSIP

Robb McBurney is out at the STABLES and Jeff Sciera is the new manager assisted by the Rainbow Man, Chris Christiansen. . . . A scintillating photography exhibit at MOBY DICK by John Wilkinson hanging on the walls through August 12 — catch this one and say Hi to HAZE, the classiest bartender in the Disastro and featured in the current issue of *Blueboy*. . . . Everyone thinks it was quite rude of Bonnie Prince Charles not to show up at his bachelor party at the PILSNER INN cuppla weeks ago and not even a note of apology; but everyone in attendance had a good time. If you think Prince Charlie is hot, you should see his younger brother Prince Andrew. In certain "circles" of London, Andrew is known as "Randy Andy" and if you don't know what "randy" means, look it up in your Funk & Wagnall's. . . . Ron Carnevale, that madman from Boston, is back from a hiatus in Bean Town and returned with his hunky brother Eddie in tow. Eddy is VERY straight, and if you don't believe me, ask his fiancée, Lisa, who was simply flabbergasted by our huge Gay Parade. . . . I was also privileged to attend the "celebration" for Brownie Mary who got off with only 500 hours of community service, thus making her an even bigger martyr than Dennis Peron; perhaps she'll run for Supervisor in the 5th District — doesn't everybody? . . . The Sydney Star, one of the outstanding freebies in Sydney is celebrating their 2nd Anniversary this month, so if you're down "there," drop in and say Hi to Michael Glynn, the very butch, very leathery, publisher of same. . . . Have you met the newest "Gay" twosome in town? Linda Symonds (Balcony) and Danny Rodrigues (Castro Station)? They've kissed and made up so many times, it looks like a Romeo & Juliet scene whenever they meet. . . . Mike Mitchell, visiting from Detroit, was not amused to have his custom-made leather jacket ripped off at the PHOENIX Uniform Club Anniversary Party. Besides the jacket, some expensive colognes and gold jewelry of a religious nature was "taken" by persons unknown, but if anybody finds out, they'll be MORE unknown due to the necessity of plastic surgery on

face. . . . Emiel Adels, owner of the fabulous STUD in L.A. just signed the papers for his luxury lot high in the Russian River Hills — a sort of personal triumph since the "tea" up there is that his lot is higher than a certain SF bar owner's, but I don't know WHO they're talking about. . . . Tonight is the FULL MOON all over the world, so if you're in the doldrums, you might check out the FULL MOON PARTY at Dreamland where admission is free to cardholders or \$2 otherwise. . . . Tomorrow night, Friday is "Have A Spankin' Good Time" leather night at Trocadero. . . . Somebody told me that Morris & Boris have a new roommate named Horace (?). But Horace is a cat? How's your HUMPHREY, Miss Willard — feeding it every night, damrrr-ling? . . . I hereby urge all of you to vote for Roger Palmer for Grand Duke — he's a good friend, a hard worker, dedicated to this community and will do a good job. If that's the kiss of death, so be it. Frankly, some Naugahyde Nut in the Vinyl Vatican should really get over HERSELF. . . .

OF MICE AND MEN (but mostly men)

Fourth of July on the Russian River saw quite a few celebs frolicking in the fronds, to wit: Troy Perry with entourage raising the speculation for an MCC Church in Guerneville?; Suzy Parker chaperoning Emiel Adels & Nick on their new property; Kenny Morgan (Pendulum) celebrating his birthday; LaKish and her new lointickler, Jim. . . . That hot new manager of the SF-STUD, Jimmy Carto and if you pine for the good old days of good music (the 60's, of course), drop in on Wednesdays. . . . Yeah, that was Smokey Joe and his Taft celebrating birthdays. . . . Mike Mitchell of Detroit on a weekend in Yosemite with Het Porno Star Bob Koelzow, and boy, that takes some doing, I'll tell you. . . . Be sure to refer your friends to the new Larkin McAllister Hotel at 1080 Haight — a lovely Queen Anne style hotel with heavenly service and prices. . . . Jazz at FANNY'S with Martha Lorin end of this month — check with Ed Krout for the date(s) —

they say she's SUPERB. . . . ROBERT PRUZAN, photographer extraordinaire, on the walls of the AMBUSH July 22 to Aug. 14 — check it out. . . . Who is running for Emperor of SF this year? . . . See you all around the campus. Have a nice weekend.

LET'S GO

I have no aversion
To a little excursion
As long as it leads to
Some friendly perversion. — by Woolly



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Handsome and Hot: It's Kelly Pullum, first runner-up in the recent Mr. Drummer Contest. Kelly adjusts his jock for the crowd that gave him considerable applause at Dreamland. (Photo courtesy of Drummer Magazine)

Dolly finishes her 1am show, she might hop over to see how Stella is doing with the boys. All this will take place at the Nevada State Fairgrounds so if you're into shit-kicking, cowboy chic and a lot of hot men, there's where the boys will be. Dave Hedrick, that smiling cashier at Church Street Station, will be competing again in almost every event this year. You may recall that Dave won 2nd place in many categories last year and was voted a special award as the best cowboy from San Francisco. Hope to see you all there. A weekend to stand by your man . . . or your horse.

★ ★ ★

The award-winning Barbary Coasters M/C will take to the wilderness next weekend with their annual run, this year "Jungle Safari" sub-titled "The TRUE Story of Tarzan & Jane." The \$50 price tag includes the usual amenities, campsite awards, costumes,

this tragic event, many South of Market residents have been left destitute, so Friday, July 17, THE 15 ASSOCIATION is having a fund-raising benefit at the CAVE beginning at 8:30pm. Your generous participation with cash donations, clothing, canned goods, etc., will be appreciated and hope to see all of you there.

★ ★ ★

Experts in the genre predict that the AMBUSH softball team will emerge in a top position of their division in the Gay Softball League (GSL) and stand a good chance of representing Our Town in the Gay World Series to be held in Toronto, Canada, later on this year. A lot of credit goes to the management of the Ambush and to Jay Platt and Don Shadle who have nursed this super team along to their pinnacle of achievement. When these ball leagues started, I was constantly harangued by the "jocks" of

Mike Mitchell, visiting from Detroit, was not amused to have his custom-made leather jacket ripped off at the PHOENIX Uniform Club Anniversary Party. Besides the jacket, some expensive colognes and gold jewelry of a religious nature was "taken" by persons unknown, but if anybody finds out, they'll be MORE unknown due to the necessity of plastic surgery on

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Guidelines and Recommendations for Healthful Gay Sexual Activity

by Robert K. Bolan, M.D.

Dr. Bolan is a member of the National Coalition of Gay Sexually Transmitted Disease Services, serves as Secretary of Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights, and is a Gay physician with a private practice doing general and family practice in San Francisco.

Syphilis: a bacterial infection very common in Gay men; begins as a sore which can be anywhere but usually in

the mouth, on the penis, the anus or in the rectum; can cause rash and flu-like symptoms.

One very important fact to understand is that for virtually every STD there are asymptomatic carriers — those who have an infection and are transmitting it to their partners, but who have no symptoms themselves.

Health means much more than the absence of disease and the avoidance of STD's. It is the human condition in which the physical, mental, and spiritual needs of a person are in balance. Healthful sexual behavior is an expression of one's natural sex drives in satisfying, disease-free ways. Guarding your health and respecting the health of your sexual partners means, for one thing, being aware of your body and the messages it may be giving you.

You should routinely examine yourself for any physical signs of infection, such as sores, rashes, or discharges. If you have rectal sex, learning to do a self-rectal examination with your finger while in the shower can be a useful way to discover early any abnormalities such as rectal warts or sores, even before they cause symptoms. Any symptoms such as burning on urination, pain with bowel movements, diarrhea, excess gas, or flu-like symptoms should be acknowledged early and not denied. If a partner mentions that he is just recovering from the flu, it is important to find out what he means by "flu," since it may mean different things to different people. It might indicate diarrhea from

amebiasis, giardiasis, bacterial bowel infection, or it might indicate the early flu-like symptoms of hepatitis or secondary syphilis. Virtually any ailment could be the manifestation of a sexually transmitted disease. Therefore, any persistent, abnormal bodily function should be viewed with suspicion. You should abstain from sexual activities if you recognize such signs or symptoms in yourself or in your partners.

Importance of Accurate Diagnosis and Adequate Treatment

Not all diseases have the same treatment. Penicillin does not cure everything. Taking medication only until symptoms go away will not reliably rid you of the infection.

Specific diagnosis of your problem by health practitioners competent in this area of medicine is essential. Many diseases have similar signs and symptoms because the body only has a limited number of ways to respond to the stress of an infection. You will have the best chance of being properly diagnosed and treated if you promptly seek appropriate medical care. Proper treatment also means carefully and completely following instructions for taking medication and avoidance of sexual activities (if so advised) for the duration of the recommended time. Take all medication as prescribed because infection may linger and reoccur if you stop treatment as soon as symptoms go away.

The Sexual Encounter

Always exchange your name and telephone number to facilitate contact in case signs or symptoms of an STD are later recognized or discovered. If your partner does not wish to give you his name and phone number, there is nothing to prevent you from giving him yours — that way, at least you may stand some chance of being notified if he should develop symptoms of something. It is also best to tactfully bring up health before sexual activity begins. If anything suspicious is discovered you might want to make this just a friendly meeting without sex and postpone the intimacies until later when the problem is resolved. When you do go to bed with someone, undressing in a lighted area will allow you to casually inspect for growths, sores or rashes, especially around the genitals. If no reasonable explanation is given, postpone the encounter. You might incorporate showering together before sex into your foreplay, that way you can wash and casually examine at the same time.

Hygiene

Medical opinions differ on the value of washing the genitals and anus with soap and water before and after sex to reduce the incidence of STD's. Although not proven, it is generally believed that washing of the genitals and anus may decrease the risk of acquiring certain diseases such as the bacterial bowel infections (shigella and campylobacter), hepatitis A, amebiasis, giardiasis and pinworms.

Similarly, it is thought that urinating after sex may reduce the risks for acquiring gonorrhea and nongonococcal urethritis. Again, there is no evidence to support this. The role of inserting antibiotic solutions, soaps or other agents into the urethra (the urinary opening) is not at all



The Oakland Coliseum Arena will present World Heavyweight Wrestling Championship Matches July 30 at 8pm. Seen here are two contenders popular with Gay fans nationwide — Ray Stevens (L) and Pat Patterson (R). Patterson is the challenger for the world title match.

known and may be hazardous.

Many think that rectal douching (with tap water) is an effective preventive measure against infection. In fact, there is evidence to suggest that it may actually increase the risk of some infections. Douching just prior to sex may alter the rectal mucous membrane barrier function and make the passage of the hepatitis B virus into the body easier; if one has an amebic bowel infection, douching may actually bring more infectious amebic organisms down into the rectum and around the anus, thus making you more likely to spread the infection to your partner.

Scented lubricants may cause a chemically induced proctitis (rectal inflammation), therefore the use of hand lotions and other scented products for these purposes are discouraged. In addition, the use of saliva as a lubricant may introduce other infections into the rectum.

It is not known whether the following measures have any role in reducing the acquisition or transmission of the STD's: hydrogen peroxide or other mouthwash gargling to control oral gonorrhea; soap instilled into the end of the urinary opening to control gonorrhea and nongonococcal urethritis; antibacterial creams, lubricants, suppositories for inserting into the urethra or rectum; water soluble vs. edible vs. petrolatum lubricants (e.g., KY vs. Crisco/Lube vs. Vaseline) for rectal intercourse.

The use of condoms (rubbers) for anal intercourse will protect against the spread of syphilis and gonorrhea and may even offer protection against herpes, hepatitis B, nongonococcal urethritis and proctitis (these latter four claims are not proven). High quality condoms should be used since breakage may occur more frequently with anal intercourse than with vaginal intercourse.

Sexual Practices

Many factors must be considered when determining a person's risk for acquiring or transmitting any STD. Six major categories are listed below, describing the relative risk as high, medium, or low.

1. Frequency of sexual contact. **High risk:** more than 10 different sexual partners per month; **Medium risk:** between 3-10 different sexual partners per month; **Low risk:** less than 3 different sexual partners per month.

2. Type of sexual encounter. **High:** primarily one-time, anonymous encounters; group sex; **Medium:** several times with the same person over a period of time; sex within a small group of friends; **Low:** primarily monogamous sex for both you and your partner.

NOTE: Anonymous sex makes interruption of the chain of disease transmission almost impossible and it is one of the most important reasons for the high prevalence of STD's in Gay communities. But for the individual, anonymous sexual contact represents high risk not only because you won't be notified if your partner discovers an infection shortly after your meeting. It is not likely that you will know much about your anonymous partner, such as his recent health, the number of different sex partners he had recently — in other words, his risk profile is more likely to be unknown to you than partners in the medium and low risk categories.

3. Place of sexual encounter. **High:** bathhouses; bookstores; **Medium:** public restrooms; parks; bars; motor vehicles; **Low:** private homes.

NOTE: Risk in this category is based largely on the number of contacts per visit, the likelihood of anonymity, and probably also because of incomplete or no cleansing between contacts. Assuming that bathing the anal and genital areas is not done.

(Continued on next page)

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BOB'S BAZAAR JULY 16, 1981 PAGE 32

ital areas is helpful in reducing some infection spread, the "safest" place to meet someone at the baths is in the shower.

4. Drug use.

NOTE: Generally accepted medical opinion is that use of mood or consciousness-altering drugs (all drugs — alcohol, cocaine, valium, Quaaludes, etc.) that are affecting you while you are having sex may alter decision-making abilities about sexual activities practiced, having sex with more people, etc. Drug use becomes particularly dangerous with the use of toys, dildoes, and fistfucking; sensation of pain may be significantly diminished with chemicals (including poppers) so that injury may occur.

5. Geographical area where you and your partners live and have sex. **High:** New York City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, foreign countries; **Medium:** other large urban areas; **Low:** small cities and towns, or rural areas.

6. Types of sexual activity practiced. **High:** active or passive rectal (fucking or getting fucked); rimming (asshole licking, oral/anal); scat (eating shit); fist fucking. **Medium:** active or passive oral (the one doing the cocksucking has a greater chance of getting something than the one being sucked); **Low:** masturbation only (J/O); body rubbing; water sports.

NOTE: Major surgery may be required to repair injuries sustained from fistfucking; any type of oral-anal-fecal contact carries a very high risk (in some places like San Francisco, the risk almost approaches certainty) for acquiring hepatitis A, hepatitis B, amebiasis, giardiasis, shigella, campylobacter. Another important aspect about fecal-oral contamination is that you don't have to rim someone to rim him. In a bathhouse or other setting in which numerous sexual contacts per visit is the rule, if you suck a cock that has fucked someone with little/no bathing in between — Voila! And happy "indirect" infection! Also, roving, probing hands and fingers will spread potentially infectious material to other parts of the body where mouths and tongues will pick it up.

Rimming except in an exclusively monogamous relationship should be eliminated from the activities of everyone who is not interested in getting amebiasis, giardiasis, shigella, campylobacter bowel infections or hepatitis A or B. Those who have a stable, but open relationship allowing for outside contacts, and who enjoy oral-anal stimulation could limit this activity only to their primary relationship and thus decrease their risk from "outside" infection.

It is through getting fucked that you have the highest risk for acquiring hepatitis B; fucking (being the "active" partner) is also a risk for hepatitis B but less so than being fucked. Oral-genital and oral-oral contact is not associated with hepatitis B.

By getting fucked you can get rectal gonorrhea, rectal herpes, syphilis, non-specific proctitis (rectal infection from other organisms)m, and rectal warts. Rectal fissures and tears can also result.

In oral sex (cocksucking), gonorrhea and

syphilis are the most likely infections to be transmitted. It is very unusual to get urethral gonorrhea from having your cock sucked by someone who has pharyngeal (throat) gonorrhea.

Bathhouses

Bathhouse managements are asked to print up cards and/or matchbook covers to enable patrons to exchange names and phone numbers. The local VD clinic phone number should also be imprinted there, and also prominently posted on bathroom walls with slogans encouraging frequent VD testing and showering after each sexual encounter. Bathhouses are encouraged to exchange all soiled towels for free to allow for frequent showering and washing. On site testing for STD's at the bathhouses could be done by trained and supervised bathhouse employees. (Probably only syphilis and gonorrhea testing would be practical.) Management may further offer an incentive for onsite VD testing by offering free or discount locker passes (for the patron's next visit), free coffee, or membership reduction (4-5 onsite tests within a year might be the qualifying number).

Routine & Regular VD Testing

Routine VD testing should include a VDRL or RPR blood test for syphilis and trisite gonorrhea cultures (oral, urethral, and rectal), and preferably a rectal examination. Rectal cultures and rectal exams are not needed if you have no rectal sex. A first-voided morning urine specimen for detection of urethral gonorrhea may be substituted for the usual swab culture if practical and possible in the health care setting you attend. Currently there are no easy, efficient diagnostic procedures for amebiasis and giardiasis, therefore routine asymptomatic (no symptoms) testing cannot be feasibly accomplished. Hepatitis B antigen and antibody and hepatitis A antibody testing is encouraged so that you will know if you are susceptible or immune to hepatitis. (You may have already had either infection without your knowledge and without symptoms of illness, and if you have your body might have made protective antibodies against the viruses, therefore giving you immunity to reinfection.) Hepatitis B vaccine will be available shortly and should be received by all those who have no antibodies against hepatitis B.

Frequency of VD testing depends on the risk factors associated with sexual activity discussed above. Monthly testing is urged for those at high risk; testing every three months is recommended for those at medium risk; semi-annual or annual testing is recommended for those persistently at low risk. If in doubt, or if symptomatic, get checked immediately! The doctor or testing facility you visit, even in San Francisco, may not offer adequate screening if they are not familiar with your sexual lifestyle and practices; therefore, it is imperative that you learn what types of testing are necessary for you.

Robert K. Bolan, M.D.



"Dan White Justice" Strikes Again

The *Atlanta Gazette* reports that a Savannah jury has reduced murder charges to "simple battery" in the brutal beating death of an apparently homosexual man in a parking garage in Savannah, Georgia in 1979. The incident occurred at Missy's Boutique, an adult bookstore where the victim, Wayne Lee, is reputed to have made a pass at one of four U.S. Army Rangers. The four servicemen confessed to the beating, but denied having taken Lee's wallet.

Lee was a married man with one child, former President of the Columbus Jaycees and, at the time of his death, was serving as one of the judges for the 1979 Miss Savannah beauty contest. Two months after the brutal beating he died of massive head injuries without ever regaining consciousness. The four men accused of his murder were picked up by police within minutes after being called to the scene by a witness who claimed to have heard groaning sounds as he drove by the garage and saw four men standing over a fifth person.

A psychiatrist brought in as an "expert witness" by the defense claimed that the U.S. Army Rangers' combat training is such that once involved in a fight they could not be expected to stop short of murder. Lee reportedly put up a struggle and attempted to defend himself against the attack. The defense alleged that the garage where the beating took place was a known cruising spot for bookstore patrons and others, implying that someone else could have stolen the victim's wallet.

The defense attorney for one of the accused added that his client, Wess Kinley Fields, had been the victim of a homosexual attack at a young age "when he was incapable of effectively resisting and presumably could be forgiven

for overreacting."

Judge Perry Brannon, Jr. sentenced three of the men to a maximum of 12 months on a misdemeanor charge,

stipulating that part of each man's sentence be spent in community service. The fourth Ranger, John Archer Gibson, had been acquitted last November.

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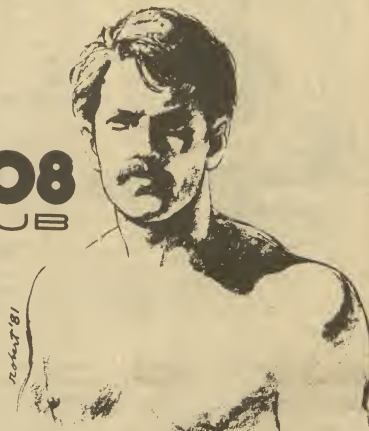
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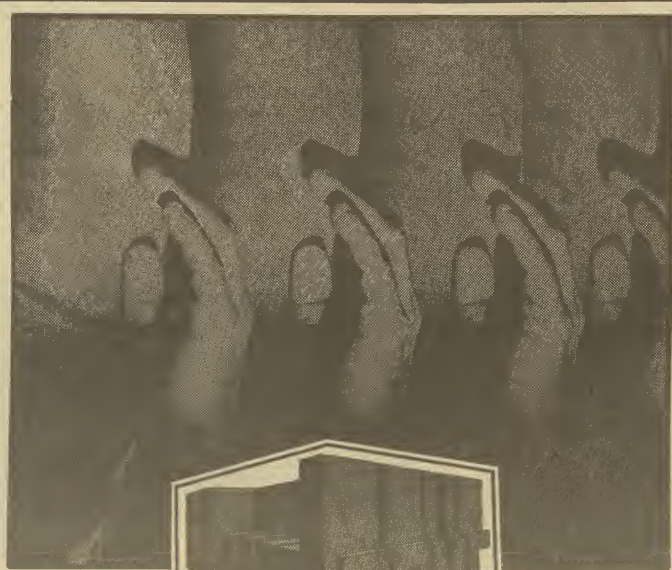
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SWEETLIPS SEZ

Summer and Smoke

DICK WALTERS

Grand Opening . . . Blue & Gold . . . 136 Turk Street for FOUR fabulous parties starting on Sunday, July 19, thru Wednesday the 22nd. On Sunday, 4pm is the first of three shows for the evening featuring the fabulous "Pat Montclair and Her Men." This is a fantastic show and Pat hasn't look as well in years. Monday will be Western Night with chuckwagon food and the great dancing group, The Cloggers with Michelle . . . don't miss this night. Tuesday is the "Crowning Glory Party" where ALL TITLES of San Francisco and California are expected to appear. And on Wednesday, the last night of

our town and now residing in Hawaii, is one of the owners of Pat's Cocktail Center in Waikiki . . . so if you are ever over there, drop in and say that the Lips said to say Hi . . . right, Mark?

Welcome home, Hans of all bars . . . hope you had a good vacation in the fatherland . . . did you stop at your Swiss bank on the way?

Paul Bentley (of N'Touch fame) has a new venture opening soon on 9th Street just off Folsom . . . The Video Mart, where he will sell TV's, radios, tapes, and rentals of video tapes . . . good luck,

THE GAY RESPONSE TO THE MORAL MAJORITY'S ANTI-ABORTIONISTS

(Courtesy of the Gay Atheist League of America)



the four-day bash . . . the one and only JOSE will appear doing ALL of the death scenes from all of his favorite operas . . . are you starting at 6am and finishing at 2am, Jose? . . . Good luck, Bella, on this madness.

Archie Perrault, formerly of

Paul, on this new store.

Pretty Peter (formerly of Polo's bar) is now at the Gold Room on Geary Wednesday thru Sunday nights, so drop by and have a libation with this popular guy.

Tuesday, July 24, is the

DURING COMMUTE HOURS

WHEN YOU RIDE THE SAME "METRO" AS I, NOT BEING ABLE TO "TOUCH" IS "BEARABLE" ONLY BECAUSE I RELY ON YOU HEAVILY WHEN YOU'RE AT MY STOMPING GROUNDS!

CHUCK

WITH RIMLESS GLASSES

next Tavern Guild meeting at 1pm at the Headquarters, 683 Clementina (off 8th St.). This is an important meeting, as a vote has to be taken due to the tie vote for Board of Directors of Dixon Olivieri and Hank Cheeke. Also, nominations for Vice President of Tavern Guild will be made due to the resignation of George Banda (he is recovering rapidly but must take it easy) and, therefore, Ed Scott of the Hob Nob is now the new President of Tavern Guild. Congrats to the new Board members.

Off The Wall — custom framing at its best at 1669 Haight Street . . . as for Dick "Cristal" Nelson, you all know the great work that Dick does . . . and nice to have you back in the field you excel in, Dick . . . also, Happy Belated Birthday last Sunday — 39???

Sunday, August 30 is the next Tavern Guild Picnic . . . see flyers and posters in your favorite Tavern Guild bars . . . this one will be on top of Mt. Diablo and promises to be one of the biggest in years — so get your tickets early.

Rooney's at 9th and Market has 40 different sandwiches at luncheon plus a very congenial and interesting bar . . . ask for Danny Montoya as your waiter . . . you'll also like the bartenders that are very familiar faces around town . . . Hi, Peaches!

Bill Wright (formerly of Gilmore's) is now at Pines & Co., so drop in and have a drink with him . . . right, Richard and Tippi?

Also, the great David Williams is holding forth at the Pendulum during the early morning hours when Hank is taking it easy . . . You look great, David; and how was Portland?

Yes, that was yours truly and Greta Grass having luncheon at the popular Sutter's Mill today . . . Besides the good food, the company of Greta was good, and it was like old times at the popular Glad Hand in Sausalito; wasn't it, Greta? Thanks for picking up the check . . . Hi, Craig.

Daddy Joe Roland, what have you done to Empress Reba that she is behaving and doing such a great job at the ever-popular Queen Mary's Pub . . . the vibes are sensational there now that Reba sees to her job . . . keep it up, old girl!

HEALTH SHORTS

From Center No. 1

A community bulletin board is now housed at District Health Center #1, on 17th Street between Noe and Sanchez Streets. Notices and flyers regarding community events, lost animals, housing needs and possibilities, etc., are all welcomed. Materials for posting may be brought in or mailed to: Ron Snyder, Health Program Coordinator, District Health Center #1, 3850 17th Street, San Francisco, California 94114.

GAY MEN AND KS

It seems to be associated with a breakdown in the body's ability to protect itself through its immune system. Whatever the cause, health officials are baffled by an unusual increase in Kaposi's Sarcoma (KS), a type of cancer, within the past 30 months. Adding to their frustration is the fact that a majority of the cases are young Gay men. Diagnosis is difficult, but many of the men reported spots resembling bruises. Interesting too is that past infections with amebiasis and hepatitis were commonly reported.

DRUGS AND SUNBURN

Tanning weather is here and so is phototoxicity. Phototoxicity (i.e. extreme susceptibility to sunburn) can result from many commonly prescribed drugs. Among the drugs most likely to cause this problem are antidepressants, barbiturates, drugs for diabetes, antihistamines, tranquilizers, sulfa drugs, tetracyclines, and diuretics. So, be sure to ask your doctor whether the drug being prescribed to you can make you phototoxic.

HERPES

The development of a cure for herpes (i.e. cold sores, genital sores) may have gotten a boost with the results of a small-scale study (10 people) at Johns Hopkins Medical School. After injection of an experimental drug, called acyclovir, none of the 10 bone marrow transplant patients developed infections caused by the herpes simplex virus. Ordinarily, more than 70% of these transplant patients break out with herpes.

KPFA, 94FM

Gay Radio's August Schedule

Wednesday, August 5 at 10pm: NOLAG REPORT. An in-depth report on the Spring conference of political activists in Los Angeles that resulted in the formation of the National Organization of Lesbians and Gay Men (NOLAG). The report includes coverage of some of the issues that unite and divide us in our work towards liberation.

Wednesday, August 12 at 10pm: THE FAERIES GATHER: AN ORAL HISTORY (Part 1). For the next three weeks Fruit Punch will explore the emerging radical fairy movement as manifested at a spiritual gathering in Colorado in the Summer of 1980. This series, produced by Frank Brayton of Raven's Head Communications, is a collage of the highlights, concerns, and processes by which Gay men are creating new and rediscovering ancient ways of relating to one another and to the planet.

Wednesday, August 19 at 10pm: THE FAERIES GATHER: AN ORAL HISTORY (Part 2). Fruit Punch continues its presentation of the Raven's Head documentary of the Spiritual Gathering of Radical Faeries held last August in Colorado. Tonight, the poetry of James Broughton is featured.

His humor, vitality, and phallic visions give shape and substance to a culture infused with fairy consciousness.

Wednesday, August 26 at 10pm: THE FAERIES GATHER: AN ORAL HISTORY (Part 3). Fruit Punch concludes its three-part presentation tying together the themes raised in previous shows. Listen to visionary fairy guides like Harry Hay and the chants, rituals and celebrations of 250 Gay men from across the continent, Australia, and Europe at a primitive campsite in the Rockies. A production of Raven's Head Communications.

PENICILLIN PALS

When they nicknamed him "The Sylph"
I thought how pathetic
That someone so young
Could be syphilitic.
Then one memorable morn
I knew at first sight
Definition was wrong
Diagnosis was right.

— by Woolly

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SPORTS

Sheriff's Dept. 8 G.S.L. All Stars 7

MARK BROWN

The 2nd Annual Gay Softball League All-Stars vs. Sheriff's Department Softball Game was a thriller all the way. The Gays had many chances, but could not pull off the needed runs to win. With a large and noisy crowd on hand, the Gays lost this year's

the second. De Tulio walked after one out. With two out, Manny Simmons (Ambush) singled. The Sheriff's Dept. outfielder bobbled the ball, but De Tulio failed to heed third base coach and manager of the All-Star team Art Jackson's (527 Club) signal to go

the Gay All-Stars.)

Anna Harrison (Wreck Room) replaced De Tulio on the mound in the fifth inning and was greeted by three quick runs before being replaced by Mark Brown (527 Club). The Sheriff's Dept. now led 8-7, which would end up being the final score.

The G.S.L. All-Stars had one more scoring opportunity — in the sixth Mark Brown led off with a single to left; with two out Mike Fitten singled to center, but Mike Gray's deep fly to center end-



Commissioner Tom Vindeed (R) introduces Sheriff Mike Hennessey during opening ceremonies at GSL's All Star game. (Photo by Rink)

many interesting candidates in the race. The money raised from the contest will be used to help send the G.S.L. champions to the Gay Softball World Series in Toronto, Canada.

Those running for Ms. G.S.L. are Art White (Gilmore's), Bruce Ann (Ambush), Erica (527 Club), Marvilee (Phone Booth), Rita (Cafe San Marcos), and Sally (Urban Country). For Mr. G.S.L. we have Bobby De Tulio (On The Mark), Bob Reynolds (Moby Dick), Chuck Smith (Phone Booth), James Sullivan (Cafe San Marcos), Peaches (Urban Country), Peter Jaremo (Ambush), Phyllis (Gilmore's) and Ray Ridgley (Tara Travel).

A vote for your favorite contestant is \$1. Each vote entitles you to a chance to win \$100 at a drawing to be held during **The Road to Toronto** fundraising dance/party — 8pm until midnight, Saturday, August 8 at The Production Space, 517 Sixth Street at Bryant. The \$6 admission includes one free drink. You may purchase votes from the candidates and their sponsors.

MOBY DICK MAKES PLAYOFFS

The Gay Softball League's final regular weekend of play was an exciting finish to a great season. A 16-game schedule highlighted by double-headers for each team, a weekend of games in

(Continued on next page)



GSL All-Stars introduced to a packed grandstand. The Sheriff's Dept. won 8 to 7. (Photo by Rink)

contest 8-7.

The Sheriff's Dept. jumped out to a three-run lead in the top of the first inning due mainly to three consecutive errors in the infield. The All-Stars fought back and scored three runs in the bottom of the first to tie the game at three-all.

Marc Warlick of the 527 Club led off with a walk. After one out, Mike Fitten (527 Club) and Mike Gray (End Up) singled to score Warlick. After Glenn Burke (Ambush) flied out to left field, successive singles by Wes Jackson and Skip Anderson (both 527 Club) brought home Fitten and Gray to tie it up.

Sloppy base running by Bobby De Tulio (On The Mark) cost the Gays a run in

home and score.

The Sheriff's Dept. scored two runs in the top of the third to take a 5-3 lead. The All-Stars fought back and took a 7-5 lead in the bottom of the fourth, scoring four times.

Jim Hamilton (Wreck Room) led off with a single to center, pinch hitter Richard Chavez (End Up) flied to left, Marc Warlick singled and Manny Simmons got on by an error to load the bases. Mike Fitten hit a double to left; the ball got by the left fielder for a two-base error that cleared the bases. However, Fitten failed to touch second base and was called out with what would have been the eventually winning run for the Gays. Mike Gray followed with a home run. (Mike was voted the M.V.P. of the game for

ed the inning.

Hitting stars for the Gays were Wes Jackson with two singles, a double and a walk, and Mike Fitten with two singles and a double.

It was an exciting and fun game which all enjoyed. A post-game party was held at The Production Space. As the old saying goes, "Wait 'til next year."

MR./MS. G.S.L.

The contest for Mr. and Ms. Gay Softball League - 1981 is in full swing with

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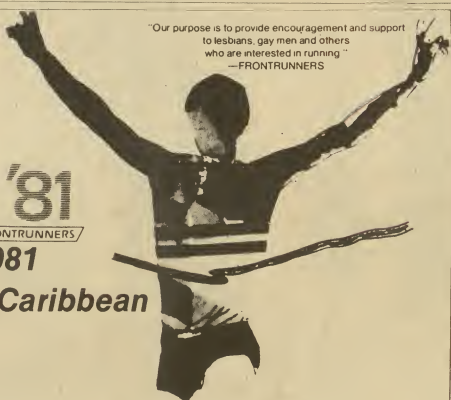
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on race day (10) between 8 and 9:30 A.M.

WAIVER
(Must be signed)

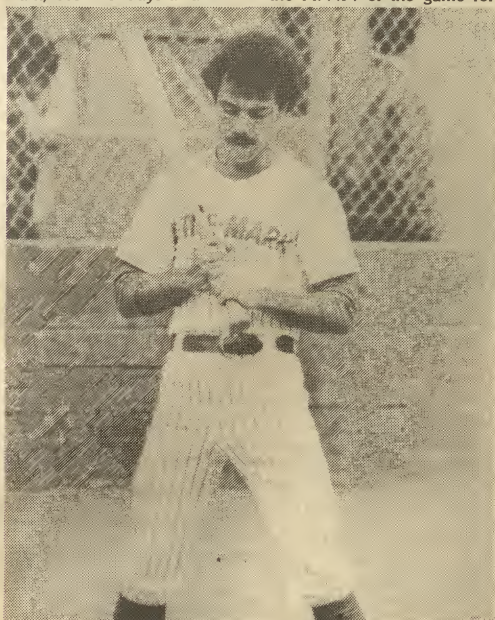
In consideration of the acceptance of my entry, I hereby waive all claims for damages or injuries against any of the individuals or groups affiliated with GAYRUN '81, including the City and County of San Francisco, The Frontrunners and Liberation Publications, Inc. I further attest that I have full knowledge of the risks involved and have trained sufficiently to participate in this event.

(Signature) (Parent or guardian if under 18)

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Bobby De Tulio (an On The Mark player) gets ready to bat at the GSL All Stars vs. Sheriff's Dept. game. De Tulio is also a candidate for Mr. GSL. (Photo by Rink)



Fans bring their own brass section to GSL All-Star game. (Photo by Rink)

Sacramento, and topped this weekend by a perfectly pitched ball game (no batter reached base) by Sam Migliaccio of the End Up over Cafe San Marcos 30-0.

Other highlights were 527 Club's one-hit shutout by Skip Schaffer over playoff-bound Gilmore's, Moby Dick's beating out the Phone Booth for a playoff position by upsetting On The Mark 2-1 and the Wreck Room's stunning three losses — breaking even for the season at 8-8.

The only team not to win a game all season was Urban Country, managed by Neil Poquette; they ended with a 0-16 record.

FINAL WEEKEND SCORES

End Up	20
Wreck Room	6
White Swallow	13
Wreck Room	8
Tara Travel	16
Cafe San Marcos	10
End Up	26
Phone Booth	0
527 Club	9
Gilmore's	0
End Up	30
Cafe San Marcos	0
Gilmore's	14
Urban Country	3
Ambush	30
Urban Country	1
On The Mark	10
Wreck Room	8
Moby Dick	2
On The Mark	1



Mark Brown (L), B.A.R. sports writer, joins Commissioner Tom Vindeed (C) at the All Star game. (Photo by Rink)

Ambush	24
Moby Dick	1

PLAYOFF SCHEDULE

Saturday, July 18
Balboa #1 & #2



Two players from the Cafe San Marcos team fill in as cheerleaders for the GSL All Star fans. (Photo by Rink)

FINAL STANDINGS	
Barbary Coast Division	
527 Club *	14- 2
End Up *	12- 4
Gilmore's *	11- 5
Wreck Room	8- 8
White Swallow	7- 9
Cafe San Marcos	3-13

Golden Gate Division	
Ambush *	14- 2
On The Mark *	10- 6
Moby Dick *	6-10
Phone Booth	6-10
Tara Travel	5-11
Urban Country	0-16
* In Playoffs	

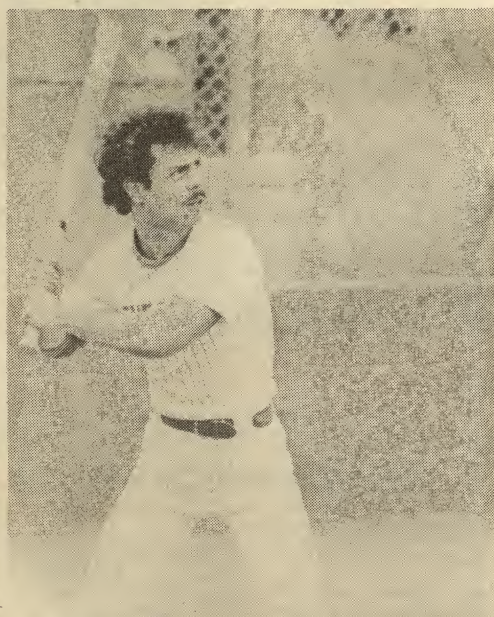
C.S.L. SCOREBOARD

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FINAL STANDINGS

	Wins	Losses
Cinch	10	1
Yerba Buena	9	2
Rainbow Cattle Company	9	2
Village	7	4
Castro Cafe	7	4
Nap's Peacock	7	4
Mint	5	6
Stallion	5	6
Wreck Room	4	7
Bunkhouse	2	9
End Up	1	10
Sutter's Mill	1	10

The C.S.L. playoffs start Saturday, July 18, at Jackson Field at 10:30 am. The finals are July 25 and 26.



On The Mark player, Bobby De Tulio, who obviously caught the camera man's fancy, gets ready to swing. (Photo by Rink)



(Photo by Rink)

11:00 - On The Mark vs. Moby Dick — End Up vs. Gilmore's

1:00 - On The Mark vs. Moby Dick — End Up vs. Gilmore's

Sunday, July 19
Balboa #1 & #2

* 11:00 - On The Mark vs. Moby Dick — End Up vs. Gilmore's

* Best 2 out of 3 — Sunday games will be played only if necessary.

Saturday, July 25
Lang #2

11:00 - Ambush vs. winner of On The Mark/Moby Dick

1:00 - 527 Club vs. winner of End Up/Gilmore's

Sunday, July 26
Lang #2

11:00 - Ambush vs. winner of On The Mark/Moby Dick

12:45 - 527 Club vs. winner of End Up/Gilmore's

2:30 & 4:15 - if necessary

The championship will be played Saturday, August 1, at Jackson Field and Sunday, August 2, at Rossi Field. ■

Mark Brown

ISN'T HE LOVELY?

Larry, the talented drag queen So slender and full of grace Wearing his bra on backwards To hold shoulder blades in place.

— by Woolly

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POLITICS & POKER (Continued from Page 11)

President Duke Armstrong, who some had thought would merely be a puppet for the former regime in that Republican club, but has shown that he is very much his own man and is willing to fight (and I thought only the Democrats were self-destructive) — the cruncher: Armstrong had the audacity to invite Supervisor Harry Britt to an executive board meeting to explain his police review plan; for a few Wadsworth preppies it wasn't a politically correct move — they have yet to thaw . . . the Assembly Ways and Means Committee wasted no time in voting a pay raise effective next year for the Governor, Lt. Governor and members of the Senate and Assembly (basic legislative salaries, not including allowances and benefits, will go from \$28,110 to \$30,921) . . . doctors in New York and California have diagnosed among Gay men 41 cases of a rare and often rapidly fatal form of cancer, called Kaposi's sarcoma. Eight of the victims, including one from San Francisco, died less than 24 months after the diagnosis was made. . .

CED boss Tom Hayden will speak on "The New Republican Right - The Progressive's Response" at the Women's Building on July 29, 7:30pm (admission: \$3, 285-6778 or 751-3120 for info) . . . and the Alice Toklas Demo Club's annual dinner will be at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel on September 11, honoring Anne Daley, Dick Hongisto, and Del Martin — the tickets are expensive (\$37.50) — call 861-4881 or 494-6720 for info . . . the Stonewall Gay Demo Club, CDC, NOW, and probably NAACP

will conduct a coalition Lobby Day of all of the California congressional offices on September 2 to fight the Family Protection Bill, the Right to Life Amendment and the repeal of the 1965 Voting Rights Act . . . incidentally, State Demo Chair Nancy Pelosi told the Stonewall Club last week she would send a letter to all Democrats in Congress in her capacity as California State Chair, opposing the Family Protection Bill. . .



The Mayor visits Folsom victims.

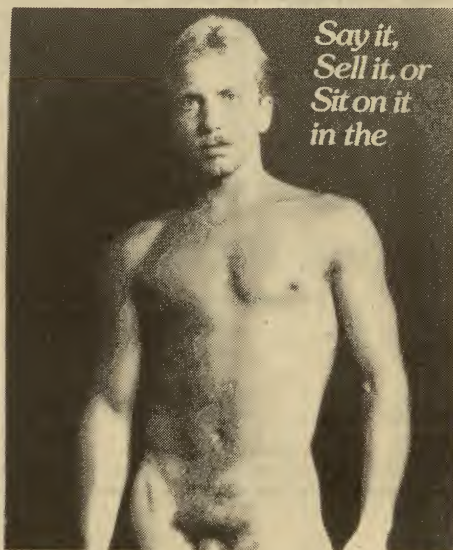
Both Congressmen Phil and John Burton have announced their support of the Office of Citizens Complaints for the Police Department being sponsored by Supervisor Britt . . . and here goes Quentin Kopp again — in another one of his thinly veiled swipes at the Gay community, while pandering to his Right Wing constituency, the Supervisor, discussing last week's South of Market fire, requested that a letter be sent to the Police

Department asking whether or not so-called "slave quarters" did exist on the site; he further asked that the City Attorney advise him whether anything in the present code outlaws sexual devices that endanger people in case of fire, and then he indicated an intent to introduce such legislation if it doesn't in fact already exist — any way you look at it, this is just an attempt for Quentin Kopp to make the Gay community look like a community of whips, chains, and S&M — and another way for Kopp to hopefully get some print — I might have some problems with Dianne Feinstein, but the Gay community should thank God every week that this two-faced politician was not elected Mayor . . . District Attorney Arlo Smith, rejecting last minute pleas from Gay supporters, turned a deaf ear and decided to go ahead and prosecute the two token "criminals" in the May 21st riot case (Peter Plate and David Waddle) — while we hear the F.B.I. investigation into the police brutality at Elephant Walk the same night has "been compelled and there is nothing to it" . . .

Senator Milton Marks, Supervisors Harry Britt and Dick Hongisto receiving the loudest response from the crowds at last month's Gay Freedom Day Parade (Supervisors Renee, Silver and Ward also appeared in the parade as well as popular Sheriff Mike Hennessey) . . .

Wayne Friday

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